

The Freeman

VOL. II. No. 51.

NEW YORK, 2 MARCH, 1921

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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE other day Mr. Houston informed a Senate committee that this country was still in honour bound to pay to certain foreign Governments a couple of hundred million dollars which have been allocated but not called for. Just why our bankrupt debtors have been so slow in taking these funds is a baffling mystery; but they seem likely to pay for their tardiness by not getting their money after all; for Mr. Houston now finds himself hampered in its payment by a taxpayer's suit brought by Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Hearst would restrain the Secretary of the Treasury from making further loans to foreign Governments, because the law provides that loans shall be made only to nations at war with enemies of the United States. Mr. Houston may find it a little difficult to get around this point; for if memory does not play us false, the only States with which this country is lawfully at war are Germany and Austria; and the nations to which it is proposed to make these loans are, technically at least, at peace with those two countries.

MR. HOUSTON is annoyed with this curb upon the Administration's generosity. In his demurrer to Mr. Hearst's suit he argues that these loans are none of Mr. Hearst's business, that he has no personal interest in them. "It is manifest," says this remarkable document, "upon the face of the bill of complaint that the plaintiff sues solely as taxpayer of the United States and has no legal or equitable interest in the controversy or suit or any property-right to be affected thereby in virtue of which he is entitled to any relief." This paper is well aware that words rarely mean in law what they mean in Webster; therefore we shrink from imputing any meaning whatever to Mr. Houston's use of "legal" and "equitable"; but to the lay mind it seems reasonable that Mr. Hearst, as a presumable payer of fairly heavy taxes, has a sound practical interest—as have all other American taxpayers—in seeing to it that no more money is loaned from the Treasury of the United States to European Governments which have already defaulted on previous loans. Whose money, we wonder, does Mr. Houston think he is trying to lend?

THERE is no great amount of evidence that either Mr. Wilson or any member of his Administration—or, in-

deed, the Congress that authorized the loans—has ever realized that the billions on which the late Allies and their jackals owe us over seven hundred million dollars in interest, came from the pockets of the American taxpayers. If these gentlemen realize this important fact they have given no sign of it. Perhaps Mr. Wilson and Mr. Houston think that the business of governmental money-lending consists simply in the signing of a few papers; and no doubt American taxpayers would be glad if this were the case; but it is not. For every paper of the sort which Mr. Houston signs, the American taxpayers have somehow to raise a corresponding amount of money; and the burden is growing onerous. There are indications that the present Congress is seeing light in this matter. It has to find ways and means to squeeze the taxpayers; consequently, it is a sadder and wiser body of men than that which lived so riotously in the heyday of the war. Its chastened spirit is evident in the Senate Judiciary Committee's advice to the Secretary of the Treasury to make no further loans until it shall have considered and reported on the pending bill to prevent further loans to foreign Governments.

THIS Congressional change of heart convinces us that there is more hope for the taxpayer in Senator Reed's bill than in Mr. Hearst's suit. An injunction may always be vacated by a higher court; and there is little reason to suppose that the Supreme Court, before which the case would come eventually, would maintain the taxpayer's side of this controversy except, perhaps, at the usual proportion of four to five. Nevertheless, Mr. Hearst's action has had great value: it has given the matter a thorough airing, and has opened the eyes of many taxpayers to the fact that they have a few rights left after all. Mr. Hearst's stand in this matter has gained much popular support; we would suggest that there is an effective course of action which he, as a heavy taxpayer and the owner of many newspapers, might take: namely, the education of his fellow citizens in the great American principle of "grievance before supply."

THE Non-partisan League has been so many times dead and laid to rest that one now instinctively discounts its obituary notices. Knowing, however, that its demise is only a matter of time, one can never be sure. State socialism, as put into operation in North Dakota, is an attempt to make an omelette without breaking any eggs, and sooner or later comes to grief. The Non-partisan League deserves interest in that it is an effort at the organized understanding of certain fundamental grievances, by an industrial element that does not by nature organize easily. The farmer is an individualist; and almost any project for giving him a broader and more general conception of the problems of his industry is commendable. Hence we have always had a good word for the League, although we have invariably said that its notion of redressing its grievances through politics seemed inept and preposterous. It now seems that things are turning out in its stronghold in North Dakota, about as we supposed they would. If so, there is a glorious chance for some Cobden to reorganize the League on a non-political basis, a groundwork of sound economic principles, and we hope sincerely that this will happen.

ALONG with the news of disaster to State socialism in North Dakota there come reports from many quarters,

notably from New Hampshire, Ohio and Nebraska, of the spread among farmers of the co-operative idea, as applied to buying and selling. For sheer educative value this is the best kind of agricultural organization. By paying no attention to politics, it tends continually to show people how much they can do for themselves without taking the State into account, and thus ultimately will enforce upon them the question, why maintain the State at all? Then, as the organization of co-operative buying and selling, of production and distribution, proceeds, it brings people plump up against the absolute necessity of some kind of co-operative dealing with the source of production; and then they reach the bed-rock of the whole social and industrial problem. Experience will show the agricultural co-operator that no matter how highly he may organize production and distribution, monopoly of the source of production will swallow every one of his economies. Nothing, probably, but experience will show him that, and hence any movement that puts him on the straight road to such experience is commendable.

THE other day, a man who was about to be killed—or, as they say, executed—surprised us all by requesting that the deed be done in public. It was his belief that a lot of people who say they favour capital punishment would get the truth chilled into them, if only they could look on, just once, while one human being coolly and deliberately killed another. Maybe he was right; perhaps it is true that public executions would diminish the public taste for capital punishment; but history, and even memory, give us cause to doubt it. Whenever executions have been most frequent and most public, they appear to have been most popular; indeed, the appetite seems to grow by what it feeds on. At no remote period in our own history, a ceremonial hanging was an event of great popular interest, always counted on to draw whole families in to the county-seat, from miles around. On one such occasion, which happened to fall within our own experience, four murderers were to be hanged together, at high noon of a day well advertised. For weeks in advance, the small boys of the town gave over tops and marbles, and devoted themselves to the construction of miniature gibbets, completely fitted with ropes and traps, and dummy figures to be strangled in due season. The tolling of the court-house bell at the appointed hour may have set a few chills going, but as far as we could see, the experience was for the most part pleasurable for old and young alike.

ALL this happened in the South, where public executions, especially those without legal preliminaries, are rather more popular than elsewhere. At this moment, for instance, we happen to have before us a detailed account of the slow burning of Henry Lowry, a Negro, at Nodena, Arkansas, on 26 January of this Christian year. In its revelation of bestiality and blood-lust this story out-does anything we have ever read about German or Turkish atrocities; and yet the participants in this affair seem to have taken real pleasure in their work. The whole business was deliberately planned, the newspapers knew of it and discussed it in advance, and the actual ceremony was performed in the presence of a large and appreciative audience.

Yes, we are inclined to think that the man who said people would not stand for the reality of capital punishment was wrong. If executions were regularly held in public, the people who have no taste for them would stay away, the folks who like them would go and enjoy it and clamour for bits of the rope as souvenirs; and life would be as cheap as it has always been where life-debts are paid in the market-place. The public gibbet and the lynching-bee do not cure public depravity, nor is there any hope of a cure by such means. The very delicacy of taste that demands privacy for the electric chair perhaps gives some faint promise of a time when the brutish horror of any kind of killing will be too much for us.

GENERAL RENAUD has published in the Paris newspapers the interesting statement that the United States must be ready to send four million troops to France when the Russians and Germans make their attack in combination against that fair and harried land. This is a depressing prospect, or would be if General Renaud were to be taken seriously. The saving note of humour, however, crept in at the end of the dispatch and quite restored our equanimity. By way of peroration, General Renaud made an impassioned demand for such a reorganization of the French army as would ensure certain elements of superiority which he enumerated, and "give America time to intervene again and save the world's liberty." This familiar and irresistible touch brought us out of the doldrums at once, and we are now facing the future with moderate confidence.

THE Germans say that the Senegalese troops quartered upon them by the French have been guilty of many atrocities; and the French say that the Germans have made the behaviour of these troops a subject for anti-French propaganda. We are glad to say that we agree heartily with both parties, but more especially with the Germans, because it seems to us rather worse to commit an atrocity than to talk about it, even in an exaggerated way. However, there is one party to the case who has not yet had a hearing, and this party is, as usual, the Negro. As far as their reputation is concerned, the black troops on the Rhine have been lynched, without so much as a mock trial, and at this moment the whole Negro race is somewhat in the shadow of their evil reputation.

IN fact, the case against the blacks is generally thought to be so clear that the following circumstances are not considered worthy of remark: the Senegalese are savages, and one does not ordinarily expect much of savages, even white ones; the Senegalese were conscripted, and herded out of the jungle by French officers, to do the work of France; all that they know of civilized ways, they have learned from France; all that they do not know, France has failed to teach them; with French training and under French command, they were sent into the Rhine Valley as conquerors, perhaps for the very purpose of terrorizing the inhabitants; hence, if the behaviour of these black savages, under French direction, proves something or other in regard to the black man's character, the behaviour of the Germans in Belgium, and of the lynchers of our own South, is enough to damn the whole white race. Now, seriously, we do not know anything about the moral character of the Negro; but we are consoled by the thought that nobody else knows anything about it either. There is not one cubic centimetre of science back of any generalization upon the subject of race-morality, and such evidence as that gathered on the Rhine is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and hardly worth sweeping over the office door-step.

ACCORDING to current rumour, a "Napoleon week" is shortly to be held in this country. The list of patronesses, movie-films and other preliminary paraphernalia, is even now being prepared. The idea seems to be to impress this country with the high development of French genius. Our own notion, if we may speak bluntly, is that it portends some kind of touch. We have had similar performances under French auspices here before; and they have invariably left us poorer but we trust wiser men. We would wager that this scheme hails from the French Foreign Office, for the simple but cogent reason that nobody else in France would have thought of rehabilitating Napoleon for this purpose. They would have sent us Rabelais. There was French genius for you!—can't you imagine what Rabelais does to Napoleon when they happen to meet in the Elysian Fields? A Rabelais week, now; we are all for that. We will turn out and parade, hang out the French flag and do just anything in the world to make the occasion a success.

GREECE misbehaved in calling Constantine back to the throne, and now she can not get money enough together to go on with. She has a large credit outstanding here since 1918, but apparently can not realize on it, and the new Premier has informed our diplomatic representative in Athens that the situation is desperate. Queensland misbehaved in letting labour too far in on the Government; and now she can not raise the loan of a cancelled postage-stamp in the world's money-markets. North Dakota misbehaved in showing too pronounced a regard for State socialism; and now she too is on Tom Tiddler's ground, like poor Mr. Mantalini, and her picking up the demnition gold and silver is severely conditioned by the bankers of Chicago and the Twin Cities upon her bringing forth works meet for repentance. We notice too that M. Rybarski, the Polish under-Secretary of Finance, who is here for a loan, has assured the State Department that Poland will obey the behests of the League of Nations, and one newspaper prints this statement under the sub-head, "Rybarski Has Assured State Department Will Meet Wall Street Requirements." These are cases of "grievance before supply," with a vengeance. If the producers and taxpayers of the world had that principle down as fine as the Governments and bankers have it, public affairs would take on a different quality.

THIS paper has always regarded with considerable interest the efforts of the five greatest Powers to keep the two greatest peoples on earth from coming to an understanding. Time was when the withdrawal of the Muscovites from China would have caused no great sorrow among the Tsar's rivals in the Far East; but a present *rapprochement* of the Celestials and the Bolsheviki, on the basis of a surrender of Russian concessions, is a very different matter. Indeed, it is thought in the best-informed circles that such an arrangement might whet the appetite of the Chinese for the control of China, which would be a bad thing altogether. Hence the blockade of Russia has been supplemented with a sort of quarantine of China, with an attempt to carry on imperialism as usual, in the area behind the lines.

FROM the following summary statement, reprinted in the *Far Eastern Fortnightly*, one may draw out some idea as to what influence the Russians and the Chinese now have over the relations between Russia and China: "The Diplomatic Corps [at Peking], replying to the Chinese note of 22 October with reference to the position of Russians and Russian interests in China, and their bearing on the interests of other foreigners, takes note of the declaration of the Chinese Government that all measures that have been taken are merely provisional, that all changes in the status of Russians will be discussed with a future Russian Government recognized by the Powers [!], that all Russians now in China will continue to enjoy the rights [such as extra-territoriality] guaranteed by treaties [which China is not permitted to amend], and that there will be no change in the administration of Russian concessions [which the Soviet Government has offered to surrender]." If there be among our readers a single individual who believes that the Chinese Government made the declaration referred to otherwise than under duress, we wish this person would attempt to communicate his faith to us. We need it.

Mahatma Gandhi Jai!—which being interpreted means "Victory to Gandhi!"—which being interpreted again seems to mean something very like "Victory to grievance before supply!"—appears to have been a very popular cry with the twenty thousand delegates representing all the creeds and races of India who gathered together at Nagpur a few weeks ago for the Indian National Congress. The chief business of the meeting was the consideration of Mr. Ghandi's motion: "The object of the Indian National Congress is the attainment of the *Swaraj* (self-government) of the people of India, by all peaceful and legitimate means"; and these same peaceful and legitimate means were set forth by the Nationalist leader

thus: "This Congress adopts the policy of non-violent non-co-operation. It declares its belief in the renunciation of voluntary association with the present Government and in the *refusal to pay taxes*. These measures to be put in practice later when the country has been prepared for them by preliminary steps in non-co-operation such as: (a) Parents withdrawing children from Government schools and placing them in National Institutions; (b) By students over sixteen themselves retiring from Government schools and colleges and devoting themselves to the National Cause; (c) By calling upon lawyers to suspend their practice and boycott the Government law-courts and devote themselves to the National Service; (d) By calling on merchants to boycott foreign trade and encourage home industry; (e) By calling upon every man and woman to make the utmost sacrifice to serve the National Cause; by organizing a band of national workers to be called the Indian National Service; (f) By raising a National fund to finance the workers."

THIS wide-ranging pledge to boycott British goods and to refuse to pay taxes was adopted by the whole Congress without a dissentient vote. For more than a year now Mr. Ghandi has been preaching his gospel of non-co-operation throughout the length and breadth of India, urging the people to eschew all violence in thought, word or deed, and simply and quietly to refuse to co-operate with the Government in any way. Thus, he believes, self-government may be won within a year; though he was realist enough to warn the National Congress that "we shall possibly have to go through a sea of blood, but let it not be said that we are guilty of shedding blood. Let it be said by coming generations that the only blood shed was our own." All this appears to our eyes very like the forerunning shadow cast by events which are to come. The sturdy spirit of '76 seems to have been re-born in India, and perhaps the next tea-party to be held in the old Boston style will be held in Bombay; who knows?

THE conditions which have led a group of Americans, with headquarters at 1 West 34th Street, New York City, to open a campaign for funds for the relief of distress in Ireland are a rich reproach to the British Government. Of course there have been famines before within the bounds of the Empire, but they have sometimes been in part the result of some dispensation of Providence, like a failure of a potato crop or a slacking-off of the monsoons; but this time it is the crop of British common-sense that has failed, and hardly anybody will feel like blaming Providence for that. The evils that have followed are those that naturally appear when a large Power loses patience with a small one, and undertakes to substitute a lot of fighting for a little thinking. Nobody expected the Germans to take very good care of the Belgians, and perhaps we should not be too severe with the English, who are similarly circumstanced in Ireland. Assuredly there is not much hope from England until the Irish war is over. In the meantime, the Irish people need food and shelter, much as the Belgians used to. Irish relief is not a solution of the Irish question; it is a human answer to a human plea.

THE National Civic Federation reports the spread of radicalism in the churches. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

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Editors—Francis Neilson and Albert Jay Nock. *Associate editors*—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette and Geroid Robinson. Published weekly by The FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Huchsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1921, by The FREEMAN, Inc., 2 March, 1921. Vol. II. No. 51. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A COUNCIL OF NATIONAL OFFENCE.

By act of Congress, these United States are now committed to navalism without stint or limit. The British Government can hardly have failed to remark this fact, together with a further circumstance that gives America a greater potential sea-power than Germany could ever have hoped for; America does not have to out-drill France and Russia, hence she can the more easily out-build England. The powers that dispose our national destiny have taken full advantage of this situation: by a vote of 271 to sixteen, the House of Representatives has ridden down the President's veto, and has commanded the reduction of the strength of the army from 223,000 to 175,000 men; by an even more emphatic majority, with only nine members in the opposition, our Commons has approved the naval policy of the present Administration, and has appropriated \$95 million for the purpose of carrying out, in this year of peace, the building-programme prepared in the year of war, 1916.

England conquered the world without an army, and since the time of Napoleon the development of great military forces upon the continent of Europe has created no more than a mild uneasiness among the Islanders. Not till Germany began to bid for sea-power, did Englishmen become thoroughly exercised over the development of a new race of conquerors; and even then the *entente cordiale* provided the means of diverting a large share of Germany's attention from naval expansion to the more immediate demands of competitive land-armament. In the present instance, the situation is very different; the armies of England's allies can hardly threaten the position of the United States, for indeed this country is better protected against military attack than England herself, and by consequence America's great resources are perhaps more fully at the disposition of the navalists than those of any other country have ever been. *Pro contra*, in any first-class contest for world-power, Great Britain would be America's *only* rival, and her rival *only* upon the sea; this is so obvious that one would naturally expect it to become the guiding principle of American military and naval policy.

The policy of America in these matters is called a "policy," and an "American policy," because this is the customary manner of speaking, and not because it is accurate. The usage implies the existence of deep-laid plans, and of heads to hold these plans; but can it be said that the affairs of the American army and navy are now actually being directed in accordance with any single policy; and if so, *whose* policy is it? Not that of the outgoing President, for he wanted to keep the army safe from demobilization. Not that of the Cabinet as a body, because it is not a body. Not that of the Secretary of War, for he and the President have been as one. Not that of the General Staffs of the army and navy, for there has hardly been, in peacetimes, so much as a pretence of co-ordination between these bodies. This throws us back upon the committees of the Senate and the House; but there are four separate committees, each with a circulating personnel. Who is it, then, that is steering the country into this most aggressive expression of aggressive imperialism—the building of a battleship-navy of offence, with power to strike anywhere on earth within gun-range of salt-water? If the latest acts of Congress in cutting back the army, and throwing all strength to the navy, are really the expression of a

deliberate policy, where can one discover, within the Government, the astute long-headedness, the consistency and continuity, the foresight, the strategic sense, which are necessary for the formulation and development of such a policy? Where in this country can one find such qualities, in the Government or out of it, except perhaps in the high command of the oil-company that seeks now for new fields to conquer, the steel-company that builds our floating fortresses, the gold-company that beckons the flag to follow after all the loans that have gone beyond the seas?

THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE.

It is difficult to see how a paper which has declared itself as often as this one has in regard to political government in all its forms, could be suspected of nationalist leanings; yet a good friend and assiduous reader has lately confided to us a suspicion that our attitude towards the Allied demands upon Germany arose from a prejudice in favour of the latter country and antagonism towards France. This is a serious charge: if it were true it would invalidate everything we have said on the vexed question of reparations; and we were glad to be able to convince our critic that it is wholly without foundation.

The expressions pro-German, pro-French, pro-British, as commonly used, imply common cause with the Government of Germany, of France, or of Great Britain; not with the peoples of those several countries, or with their activities. Our critic has lived many years in France and is thoroughly familiar with French culture. He loves French art and literature, and admires, above all, the inexhaustible creative spirit which has survived the long and destructive years of war. So far we can go along with him. The France of Victor Hugo, Renan and Rolland, of Rodin, Renoir and Cézanne, of Descartes, Pasteur and Curie, is a glorious France, and for that France our admiration knows no bounds. But to transmute passionate admiration for the cultural life of France into partisanship for the French Government appears highly illogical. The cultural life of France is the best expression of the French genius; while the Government of France not only does not express the best of the French spirit; but because one's most dangerous foes are those of one's own household, it is the worst enemy of that spirit. We can not see why admiration of French culture should imply sympathy with the selfish and narrow ambitions of a French privileged class, or support of a Government which exists to further those ambitions. This Government, these ambitions, have nothing in common with French culture; they are, on the contrary, a detriment to culture, a menace to its existence. By what logic should a sincere amateur of Rembrandts be expected to connive at their destruction?

The French Government, like our own, like all others except those of one or two small and poor States, is political. The Russian peasant used to say that it made no difference whether he were ruled by a native or a foreign nobility; he would be robbed just the same. This admirably expresses the purpose of the political State. If one prefers a more scientific statement, one may take Professor Franz Oppenheimer's definition:

The State, completely in its genesis, essentially and almost completely during the first stages of its existence, is a social institution, forced by a victorious group of men on a defeated group, with the sole purpose of regulating the dominion of the victorious group over the vanquished, and securing itself against revolt from within and attacks from abroad. Teleo-

logically, this dominion had no other purpose than the economic exploitation of the vanquished by the victors.

A political government, then, by its very nature, is the worst enemy of its own people; indeed it is their only enemy, for their so-called foreign enemies are wholly of its making. If the creative artists of Germany or France could once clearly realize this fact, they would not waste their enmity on foreign Governments; they would save it for their own. The ambitions of the German privileged class have brought the German people near economic ruin, just as the ambitions of the French privileged class have brought the French people near economic ruin. There is not, in our view, and never has been, a penny's worth of difference between the two countries in this respect; and we can not see why for art or culture's sake we should sympathize with the exploiting class of either country, or with the Government which is its agent. All the more for culture's sake it seems to us that we should reprehend them and all the more encourage the culture of each country to judge and reprehend its own. There is a remarkable creative activity going forward in contemporary France in spite of all sorts of economic handicaps. There is an equally remarkable recrudescence of the creative spirit in Germany, as readers of Mr. Scheffauer's recent articles in our pages will bear witness. Is not the emancipation of this spirit in both countries, and indeed all over the world, from the incubus of political government the thing above all others to be desired?—for if it can function thus admirably under this incubus, what miracles might it not achieve if it were free?

The emancipation of this spirit is this paper's chief interest; and we are firmly convinced that the way to accomplish this emancipation is to free human beings from the need of an undue preoccupation with the ways and means of existence. The freedom to promote culture, indeed, depends fundamentally upon economic freedom. It is in the light of this belief that we have approached the situation in present-day Europe: our attitude towards the Allied Governments' demands upon Germany has been determined by economic considerations and none other. If the Allies were able to impose their conditions upon Germany, German labour for a generation would be convict-labour, and since the only way in which Germany can possibly pay an indemnity is in goods, productive industry in Europe and in the rest of the world would find itself obliged to accept prison-made goods. This would mean for labour all over the world, as Mr. Lloyd George himself has intimated, competition with the convict-labour of Germany, or virtual slavery. What but suffering can befall the creative spirit under such conditions? Under such oppression and distraction, such measure of civilization as has survived the war would be well in the way of being lost. Political governments have ruined the old order in Europe: the only hope of achieving a new one is in setting the peoples free to work out their own salvation. The friends of culture should be the first to perceive this and the most tenacious in holding to it.

THE PLIGHT OF THE LANDLESS.

THE conspiracy in the building-trades that has occupied so much space in the daily papers is not the only conspiracy against building, nor the most important one. The laws relating to all the elements that enter into the problem of housing, form as thorough a conspiracy as could be wished, and have been highly successful in preventing the natural interplay between

demand and supply. Unfortunately, it is customary to let bad laws remain on the statute books, and to attempt to neutralize their evil effects by fresh legislation, somewhat after the fashion of the editor who declined to acknowledge that his paper had been mistaken in a premature obituary notice, but offered to set matters right by inserting the victim's name among the births in a subsequent issue!

Instead of removing the restraints which impoverish tenants and handicap builders, most of the suggestions that we have seen boil down to some form of subsidy, to be paid in the end by taxation, thus increasing rather than diminishing the difficulties. English housing-schemes have so often been held up to us as an example, that it is worth noting that very little has come of any of them, or is likely to do so. The problem of getting the money was finally shifted by Parliament to the local authorities, who were faced with the necessity of meeting the interest on the housing-loans and making good the inevitable losses where houses have to be let for less than the normal rent. But the British public has shown itself too canny to invest its cash in such a proposition, and the abject failure of the appeal for support on patriotic grounds has merely revealed the war-worn condition of that much abused sentiment. An attempt to raise a loan of £4,000,000 for a housing-scheme to be applied to a group of seven towns was a conspicuous failure, the public subscribing for less than ten per cent of the amount.

The British situation then is what might have been expected from governmental interference with the delicate mechanism of trade. Private enterprise has languished, rings and trusts have sprung up in the building-trades, making prices almost prohibitive, and the level of land-values, high enough already, in all conscience, has been boosted higher than ever. Under the spur of the Government's promises English local authorities bought many acres of land for which they paid through the nose. According to a competent English critic, "one result of the squandering of public money has been to give a present of £9,000,000 or more to the owners of some 50,000 acres of land." Building does not go forward—in short, it has been demonstrated anew that all bureaucratic schemes simply mean higher prices for landlords and increased taxes for the community.

Our homestead-laws, by providing land for all, ensured a vigorous and self-reliant population as long as the supply of land held out, but when all the valuable land had been brought within the rigid system of private monopoly we began to face the same problems that marked the older civilizations. We must now find some way of once more making land plentiful and cheap, and of reducing the cost of building-materials without restricting the purchasing power of wage-earners. The camel's back sags under the weight of taxation and the load must be lightened. Throw off the excess-profits tax by all means, but why stop there? In the course of a study of the housing-situation in Philadelphia, Mr. Haines D. Albright estimates that the present tax on dwellings in that city amounts to about forty per cent of the cost of original construction. It tends, even in normal times, to keep dilapidated buildings in use while preventing the erection of new ones. Its removal at any time would stimulate building, attracting capital as do all tax-free securities.

If common sense is urging us to stop penalizing the owners of houses when they are built, it calls just as persistently for the removal of tariff-burdens from building-materials. With stone, brick, lime, plaster, lead pipe, brass work and the hardware of doors and

windows, roofing-material, etc., on the free list the cost of building would be considerably reduced. A calculation made a few years ago showed that removal of these tariff-taxes alone would have permitted the erection in New York of five tenement-houses for the same price that was paid for four under existing conditions.

Added to these artificial burdens is the natural burden of ground-rent. Under our present system, which sanctions its private appropriation, a speculative value is given to land which is disastrous in its effects. We are shocked when we hear of cotton being shipped back and forth across the ocean because fluctuating exchange-rates make it a plaything of speculators instead of a boon to the needy; or when we hear of carloads of coal kept moving over the rails, affording profits for half a dozen speculators before they reach the unfortunate consumer; but "custom of fell deeds" has dulled our perceptions until we see nothing incongruous in the common practice of buying and selling land without regard for its proper use to satisfy present needs.

There is no doubt that if we were to repeal the taxes on building-materials and houses, the ever-present demand for these commodities would become effective, relieving the house-famine and incidentally reducing the ranks of the unemployed. But land-monopoly would still remain with its power of translating effective demand into increased rents. Something, therefore, must be done to break up this monopoly and to make land more easily available. This paper is not bound hard and fast to any plan, but the only one we know of that will relax the hold of the monopolist, and at the same time provide a substitute for the cancelled taxes, is the plan of transferring ground-rent from private to public ownership.

It is not to be wondered at that the emancipation of the landless should be a slow process in view of the evolution of political governments. Supported by the church and the army, they are still well organized for plundering the hive of industry. The honey is extracted by means of the private monopoly of ground-rent, and the beneficiaries of this lucrative privilege will no doubt hold on to it as tenaciously as men everywhere cling to privileges. But time has weakened the power and certainty of the supports, while the bankruptcy of the old order is forcing public attention upon the causes of economic collapse and is making imperative a new and searching consideration of the meaning of self-government.

THE CLASSICIST'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE approach of spring attracts attention to the annual spawning of the colleges and universities; and this suggests in turn that the present would be an uncommonly good time for the friends of "the grand old fortifying classical curriculum," the advocates of Greek and Latin studies, to put on their war-paint and return to battle. They have suffered many defeats in recent years; the vocationalists and professors of natural science have had their own way with them for a generation, without let or hindrance. The reason is, in our opinion, that they have been content to remain on the defensive and have let the enemy choose the battle-ground. This is bad strategy. When the vocationalists have challenged the bread-and-butter value of training in the classics, the classicists (we use these terms in a general way, merely to save words) have always gone over to their ground and undertaken to show how much better electrician, chemist, horse-

doctor, or what not, a man would become by having studied Greek and Latin literature. In point of fact, they are no doubt right; but it is bad tactics, unimaginative tactics, to rely for ever on sheer defence. The programme of events has now so played into their hand, the stars in their courses have so strikingly arrayed themselves on their side, that we think they ought to hearten up tremendously, and carry the war over into the enemy's country, horse, foot and dragons.

If we were planning the campaign, we would start it off with a violent frontal assault on the enemy's whole theory of life. If the vocationalist's theory, Murdstone's theory, be the true one; if the world be merely a place to work in, not a place, as Murdstone said, "to be moping and droning in," then it is to the point to discuss the value of the classics in relation to the individual's place in such a world. But now let our friends stand up to the vocationalist and make him defend his theory, make him show cause for holding that the world is such a place. Let them boldly say that the world is nothing of the kind, that it is a place to have fun in, and that you can have ten times more fun and better fun throughout your life if you know Greek and Latin literature, and the more intimately you know it and the closer you stick to it, the more fun you will have. Our friends will remind us that a good deal has been said and written in this vein. Yes, but always on the tacit assumption that the pleasure one has out of life is a sort of by-product, a secondary affair and something to be enjoyed "on the side," as one might say, instead of being life's primary object. Hence there is a general flavour of diffidence and deprecation about all this literature that impairs its apologetic value. Let the classicists come out flatfooted that life was given us to be enjoyed; let them not be afraid of exaggeration or over-emphasis; let them resolutely close their ears to any other proposition; and then let them remorselessly take advantage of the support which human nature instinctively gives to that theory of life, and split the ranks of the vocationalists wide open.

There is no time like the present for doing this. The vocationalists have had a clear field; they have ridden organized education like the Old Man of the Sea for twenty-five years, thus bringing out one full generation of adult men and women, in whose hands the affairs of the world now are. They have made an immense success, and no one ought to begrudge them a jot of credit for it. The mechanical organization of society is a marvellous thing, and the development of mechanical facilities for its service is even more marvellous and startling. The only trouble is that nobody seems to be having a very good time. The poor and the exploited are not having a good time, which is to be expected; but the rich and privileged are not having a good time either. All the physical apparatus of happiness is about us, and yet no one, apparently, is having a cent's worth of fun out of it. Well, here is the classicist's opportunity. He can throw his experienced eye, trained by his incessant commerce with the ages, over this anomaly and show cause for it. He can survey the life of our well-to-do and poor alike, and show that about the only fun to be had out of such a life is the search for fun, and show why the desire remains ungratified. He can show by practical example—by horrible example—where, in the preparation for life, certain essential values which have been disregarded by the vocationalist, come in. Thus he has now an advantage which he never had before, in the opportunity to appraise a whole society which

represents quite fairly the finished work of his opponents. But we are convinced that he will once more merely fumble this advantage unless he stands immovable upon the bed-rock thesis that life is given to human beings for their enjoyment, that all its other purposes, if it have any, are incidental and ancillary to this one; that the human world by its original intention is not Murdstone's world, not a world of industry and efficiency, but a world of joy.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEW ENGLAND.

I HAD been induced to spend a vacation in the New England of my forebears. I say induced, for are not vacations intended for less ancestral surroundings? Thanksgiving, perhaps, belongs to the land of the Pilgrim, but those long, delicious weeks of summer—are they not bright and newly-minted pieces of gold to be squandered in fresh and undiscovered pastures? But the offer of a log-shack set in the heart of a pine forest, through which one might catch glimpses of a crystal lake, was not to be refused—and I had come; I was already on the ferry crossing Lake Sunapee. Perhaps it was the almost imperceptibly cradle-like motion of the boat, the warmth of the sunlight, the beauty of the scene which, reflected in my mind, glowed like turquoise and emerald, at any rate, I was conscious of one of those rare moments of super-reality which make the rest of life seem worth the living.

Soon, I knew, the boat would point its nose inland, the landing would be called, and I should begin the ascent of Mount Sunapee. Till then I might enjoy this mood, poised mid-air like a toy balloon, around me sparkling waters, pine-fringed shores, and a sky and sunshine that seemed an expiation for a week of clouds and rain. I watched the pilot, gossiping while he steered his vessel. At the docks were gathered groups of tourists, in attitudes as ridiculous as only tourists are capable of. I revelled in the sense of a place and circumstance which American humour and comment had not made their own. I was in the New England of my ancestors and was feeling all the better for it, feeling indeed that this was not the New England of song and story but a thing of my own discovery and making.

A week before, when I had taken the train, bound for this North of Boston country, echoes from Whittier and Holmes and their confrères had resounded in my memory. This, I might have known, was an evil trick being played upon me by my unconscious; for I had not wished to be reminded of what American literature had done for nature. Quite to the contrary, I had wished for a chance with her at first hand. But recollections of the classroom had prevailed, and it appeared that if I was to see New England at all, it was to be through the eyes of the poets. Nature, that is, was to be challenged as to whether she was or was not faithful to art.

But the week had provided a list of surprises, culminating in this moment of clear reality, when the land of my fathers emerged, freed from the reins of literature and history, possessing a personality and character of its own. For me, New England had been re-baptized and in a morning dew. Here was joy, and richness; an abandon whose flavour was as little Puritan as it was Christian, and I saw that the subdued greys and greens which New England had been made to wear, the austere and moral attitude it had been made to assume were importations, a drab and borrowed raiment.

Yes! Nature, I perceived, is in constant rebellion against art, the art that traduces her; and I found myself thinking of the "literary radical" whom Randolph Bourne described and how he had wished to lift Whitman, Thoreau and Mark Twain bodily from their grey, bourgeois settings, and with them as a nucleus create a real and indigenous American culture. In the same spirit, I found myself wishing that I might elope with this New England of colour, perfume, and capricious moods—not that she needed any defender: her head of pines she carries high in self-assurance. One simply rebelled against the inadequacy of the literature that had been made to serve, as her portrait.

So I mused as the ferry made ripples in the water and finally brought me to shore. As I climbed the trail that led to the top of Mount Sunapee and, later, when I beheld the scene that lay, in its ravishing loveliness, below, I exclaimed aloud, "At last I have discovered New England!" Literature, like an old-fashioned schoolmaster, had attempted to mould this wilful "nature" to its own desire; yet here it was, unyoked, full-grown, full-blown, tossing its head in a glorious rapture of freedom.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

TOWARDS A HUMANIST SYNTHESIS.

I

THE last two thousand years have witnessed the growth of science as a subject independent from the common stock of knowledge and belief which makes up a community's literature, or as the late Dr. Beattie Crozier would have said, its "Bible." The departure of science from literature* begins for the Western world, probably, with the death of Plato and the institution of Aristotle's collections in natural history: from that point on the separate sciences increasingly isolate themselves from the general body of knowledge, and utilize methods which had been unknown to the earlier philosophers and sages; so that by the time the twentieth century dawns the process of differentiation has been completed, and philosophy, the compendium of the sciences, has disappeared, except as a sort of impalpable, viscous residue.

When Aristotle divided his writings into the exoteric and the esoteric groups, into the "popular" and the "scientific," he definitely recognized the existence of two separate branches of literature, two different ways of taking account of the world, two separate methods of approaching its problems. The first branch was that of the philosophers, the prophets, the politicians, the poets, and the people. Its background was the generality of human experience: its method was that of discussion and conference: its criteria were those of dialectics: its interests were specifically those of the community, and nothing human was foreign to it. With the petrification of Greek thought that followed the collapse of the Alexandrian school, the second branch was very slow in coming into its own. As late as the eighteenth century its adherents were called natural philosophers, in order to distinguish them from the more humane variety, and it is only with the nineteenth century that the subject became universally known as "science," and its practitioners, as scientists.

In "Phædrus" Socrates had expressed the humanist outlook of literature by declaring: "Trees and fields, you know, can not teach me anything, but men in the city can." The shortest way of describing the attitude of science is to say that it resolutely turned its back on men in the city and devoted itself to the trees and the fields and the stars and the rest of brute nature. If it paid attention to men to all, it saw them—if we may abuse an old quotation—as trees walking.

From the beginning there has existed a conflict between literature and science. And while it is possible that this conflict has been aggravated in the universities by the mossy archaicism of those who advocated humane studies at the expense of the newer scientific disciplines the difference between the two camps is a real one, and the core of the difficulty is not touched by putting the two departments side by side under one roof, or by injecting the respective subjects, in equal doses, into the same head. It will help us, perhaps, to grasp this difficulty a little more firmly if, instead of attempting to define precisely the essential characteristics of the literary and the scientific method, we consider the place that science occupies in the modern world.

The developments in modern science date back scarcely more than three centuries. On the basis of the precise knowledge that, from the time of Descartes, had become available in mathematics, physics, mechanics, and chemistry, the startling transformations of the Industrial Revolution were effected. Beneath the ostensible buildings, subways, telephone lines, and sewers of the modern industrial city lies the immaterial founda-

tion of Western physical science, laid down stone by stone in the remote, painstaking researches of Leibniz, Lavoisier, Boyle, and the rest of that glorious crew. Biology advanced more slowly than the physical sciences, and its imaginative technical application hardly goes back farther than Pasteur; while the employment of psychology in everyday life is an innovation of yesterday, since psychology was the last of the sciences to desert the parental roof of philosophy. This succession of the sciences, while not strictly, perhaps, a linear one, is interesting and significant. It is the world outside man that science has most zealously explored, and that technology has most triumphantly transformed. The improvements that have been effected with the aid of science have been improvements in the handling and utilizing of physical resources.

The domain of man and man's institutions has, on the other hand, scarcely been touched by the scientific method. Among economists and sociologists, there has been a persistent dribble of discussion as to whether or not their subjects were entitled to the august designation of "science." It is not without reason indeed that the human and social sciences are distrusted by the devotees of physical science. The nearer the investigator gets to man the more easily he is overwhelmed by the complexity of his subject, and the more strongly tempted he is to adopt the swift and easy methods of the novelist, the poet, and the prophet. The mere concealment of this act of seduction under the rough, grey curtain of scientific jargon means frequently that the social scientist has added to the offence of not being a good scientist by not even being a good literary man.

Briefly, then, the scientific method has established itself with the utmost firmness in the mathematical and physical sciences. The frequency with which it is employed, as well as the assurance with which the results are received, tends to dwindle as the passage is made from the physical to the biological, and from the biological to the social sciences. The physicist, for example, has invented a device for weighing the electron: the historian has no criterion whatever for weighing, let us say, the mediæval Church. These are the two extremes. Thus we see that the achievements of science have not merely been partial: they suffer the additional defect of having covered that part of the universe which is, after all, of smallest interest to man. While the physical equipment of New York compares with that of fourth-century Athens as Athens itself would compare to an Aurignacian cave, the life of "men in the city" is still as disordered and futile and incomplete as the author of the "Republic" found it to be in his own time.

II

In investigating the world outside man the human equation plays but a minor rôle either for the investigator or for the person who is interested in his work: the phenomena themselves are the capital centre of interest. In studying human society, however, especially when one touches upon any subject of contemporary importance, the human interest in the field is often so intense, and the human reaction so acute, that the facts of the case are constantly in danger of being ignored. It is by their respective concern for the facts and for people's reaction to the facts that science and literature can be distinguished from each other. Literature in the special sense used here, has been, by all odds, the popular method of dealing with the affairs of the human community, for the reason that the very infant in the cradle, as soon as it can use words (and indeed before) is capable of expressing its reactions towards

the conditions of its existence. No preparation for the literary method is needed beyond the ability to handle words, and since the number of people who can read and write has been greatly multiplied during the last hundred years, the literary method has extended its domain in the kingdom of man with a swiftness that rivals the application of the scientific method in the barbarian outlands of nature.

When, however, one compares the output of literature in the fields of economics and politics alone, with the practical achievements that have been witnessed in these departments, it is pretty plain that the literary method has been able to achieve little more than verbal solutions for the problems it has attempted to solve. It is precisely the same method to-day, no better and no worse, that Jeremiah used in his prophecies and Plato in his dialogues, and it is about time we realized that as an instrument for ameliorating the lot of "men in the city" the literary technique, whether applied in the press or in parliament, is little less than a rank failure. Every popular election is an evidence of that failure. Throughout the world bureaucracy has grown at the expense of popular government because, under the given conditions, the bureaucracy is able to perform a large part of its work by the painstaking and accurate methods that are characteristic of scientific research. After parliament has consulted people's opinions, the bureaucracy is free to consult the facts. The exponents of what has here been called, with no intention of reproach, the literary method are interested only in those facts that have, as the saying is, human interest. Thus, the hideous human suffering that accompanied the growth of "capitalist" organization caused the socialists to concentrate attention on the subject of ownership, and long blinded them to the importance of devising methods by which capital could be gathered and distributed under a regime that had abandoned interest and profit. The total situation in other words, was ignored, and the problem crudely simplified. In its haste to arrive at solutions and remedies—for the life of man is short and the needs of the moment pressing!—literature perpetually neglects to take a complete account of the facts: it relies upon "common knowledge" to take the place of the precise, verified data which the scientist demands.

But the strength of literature is the weakness of science, as well as vice versa. The interests which make people adopt the methods of literature, which, in the very hey-day of science, have kept those methods dominant in the most important departments of life, are not to be disparaged. The central interest of literature, in both the common and the special sense in which I have used it, has been the life of man. It is because the great "literats and philosophers" were so eager to find out what man was, what the relations of men in community ought to be, and what could be done to improve the life of individuals, groups, and communities, that they trampled unconcernedly over the fields that have since become the property of science. As long as men are what they are, this concern for man's conditions and his relations—this perpetual attempt to stamp the crude metal of existence with man's own countenance and aspect—will remain their dominant passion. The novelist, the theologian, and the politician have usually been responsive to men's vital interests, even if they have not always served those interests well.

The conflict between literature and science has arisen from the fact that science, from the time that Socrates heaped oburgation upon the heads of the natural philosophers, has generally been indifferent to

man's interests, passions, and activities. It has confined its attention largely to the insensate part of the universe, and in reflecting upon that universe its adherents, like Mr. Bertrand Russell, have seen no rime or reason for the creature, Man. Scientists have, by and large, preserved an attitude of frigid resentment towards the human drama, and with some justice plain people have come to look upon science as a harsh and formidable mechanism that has no more concern for the things that matter to a man than a steam roller has for the insects that crawl in its path. The conflict would probably cease to exist if literature would pay its respects to the scientific method, whilst science acknowledged the importance of the interests to which the disciples of the humanities devote themselves. All the great humanists, from Confucius to Tolstoy, have sought to lay the foundations of a New Jerusalem. Science can not remain indifferent to that aim without forfeiting its claim to human respect; for in the end, man is the measure of all things, including the corpus of knowledge which the scientists have created. When the scientist becomes passionately interested in human life, the social sciences will lie beneath the foundations of the New Jerusalem precisely in the fashion that the physical sciences now underlie the stony exterior of New York.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

THE TAXATION OF INDUSTRY.

IN December, 1920, the Tax Committee of the National Industrial Conference Board issued a report on the subject of Federal taxation which sets forth a variety of excellent reasons for the repeal of the excess-profits tax and for the reduction of the higher surtax rates of the individual-income tax. In an able and thorough manner it also disposes of the widely suggested alternative of a sales or turnover tax. Finally it gives certain proposals for securing revenue which the committee has recommended, being controlled by "a constant desire to distribute as fairly as is humanly possible the burden of Federal taxation."

In view of this high aspiration and considering the importance of the industries and organizations represented on the Board and the prominence of the members of the Tax Committee, it might certainly be supposed that the business men of the country would be able to receive this report with satisfaction and would be able heartily to support its recommendations. Let us see then to what extent such optimism would be justified, and what is offered to American business interests in the way of "relieving industry from very annoying and harmful restrictions to which it has been unnecessarily subjected under existing tax laws."

According to the recommendations of the committee the excess-profits tax is to be repealed, but the corporation-income tax is to be increased. To be sure this increase must be carefully limited because, as the committee states, "there are many corporations to whom the repeal of the excess-profits tax accompanied by an increase of the income tax even to twelve per cent or fourteen per cent, means an increase and not a decrease of taxes," and because the committee "after careful consideration has reached the conclusion that sixteen per cent is the absolute maximum to which the rate can be increased without driving to the wall many concerns whose sacrifice would be deplorable from the standpoint of the nation's best interest."

This does not sound very encouraging, and it is pertinent to ask if a tax of sixteen per cent will drive many worthy concerns to the wall, just how near the wall will they be driven by a tax of fifteen per cent or

fourteen per cent, or even by a tax of the present amount of ten per cent. But perhaps the committee's other suggestions are more hopeful. It recommends that the \$2000 exemption allowed under the corporation-income tax be discontinued. This suggestion may not disturb the larger corporations but it is hardly reassuring to the great number of small ones which must realize that the abolition of this exemption coupled with a higher rate of tax, must surely increase the total of taxes they will have to pay. Then follow proposals for higher documentary stamp taxes, and for increased postage rates although the committee recognizes that the latter is "an additional tax" and would "fall in great part upon business, especially those business houses which make large use of the mails."

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, yet the next suggestion holds no promise of relief. It is proposed to levy additional excise taxes on the sales of certain commodities and so to choose those commodities that "the tax will normally be passed on to the consumer" and incidentally, it might be added, business harassed and curtailed thereby. Finally the committee offers higher import taxes with the mildly comforting assurance that "they press less heavily upon the country than any other form of taxation."

What a programme to offer to the producers of this country, to the managers of industry and to the wage-earners! There is nowhere any suggestion for the relief of productive industry from the burden of taxation, only an attempt of very doubtful effectiveness to adjust the burden so as to make it a little more bearable. Not only will such a programme be a bitter disappointment to every intelligent business man, but it will have the united opposition of the wage-earners and of the farmers, as well as of all those groups who are out of sympathy with the so-called "capitalistic system." It will inevitably be opposed by such influential politicians as Mr. Bryan and by many prominent senators of the old Progressive party.

These groups and individuals think they see, and in fact do see, big fortunes being made without service rendered, and as they do not clearly understand the cause of this, they are ready to tax the rich and successful without discrimination and are out to "get" what they call "the profiteers," through an increase in the excess-profits tax and still higher rates of surtax. Blind, we business men may think them to be, but they have got to be reckoned with and it is futile to try to satisfy them with higher excise and import taxes and higher postage rates which admittedly increase the cost of living, and by juggling the individual-income taxes and corporation taxes so as to reduce the taxes on the rich individuals and on the large corporations.

But there is one proposal for raising revenue which has the support of thousands of business men all over the country, which would actually remove a large part of the burden of taxation now resting on productive industry, a proposal which should be welcomed by every employer of labour and every wage-earner alike. This is the Ralston-Nolan bill for the levying of a Federal tax on "the privilege of the use and enjoyment" of lands and natural resources (not including improvements); the amount of the tax to be one per cent of the value in excess of \$10,000.

The Tax Committee mentions this bill as "receiving considerable support from responsible sources" but attempts to dispose of it without argument in two-thirds of a page of its report. I venture to believe, however, that the business men of this country are not going to be fooled very much longer by the refusal to consider a proposal of this kind and that they will soon

begin to wonder whether the persistent attempt to ignore it does not after all indicate a fear that an argument against it would reveal the weakness of the opposition. For the committee offers no argument against the bill but merely proclaims what it considers to be three objections to it; two of which, however, are disingenuous, to say the least, and the third is by implication an admission of the desirability of the bill.

The first of these objections to the Ralston-Nolan bill for the taxation of land-values is that it embodies "much the same principle as the single tax." This statement is surely a rather contemptible effort to create a prejudice and can be dismissed with the comment that the committee, in opposing any Federal taxation whatsoever upon the privilege of exclusive possession of the lands and natural resources of the country, might itself be accused of advocating in a multiplicity of forms a single tax on productive industry. Another of the committee's objections to the bill is that it is of "most dubious constitutionality." But the income tax was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court and yet to-day it is the law of the land. Unconstitutionality is no objection to the bill if the bill is what is needed, since the Constitution can always be changed, and very quickly too, when the people have made up their minds what they want. The committee admits, however, that the bill *may* be constitutional and it is, therefore, in the following remarkable statement that it gives the real objection which it has to it:

It [the Federal tax on land-values] would in many cases mean a tax so large upon property, which is not in a form available for use in its payment, that such property would have to be sacrificed at forced sale in order to realize cash with which to pay the tax. In this respect it would tend to bear especially heavily upon agriculture and upon mining, oil, gas, timber and other industries which must often of necessity have large holdings of land not immediately productive.

This objection is an amazingly frank plea for the protection of monopoly at the expense of industry and every producer, be he employer or wage-earner, should protest against it. Rather than levy even a small Federal tax on the vast values of land and natural resources now lying idle, this committee would continue the whole tax on productive industry even though, by its own admission, some corporations whose collapse would be deplorable may be driven to the wall, and the cost of living increased. One wonders whether the committee feels that in its attitude towards this matter it shows "a constant desire to distribute as fairly as possible the burden of Federal taxation"?

In this country there are at present, lying undeveloped and unused, lands and natural resources worth billions of dollars which pay not one cent of Federal taxation under the income and excess-profits taxes, and the effect of the proposed tax would be to make these properties more available to productive industry. This much the committee naïvely admits in stating that such property might have "to be sacrificed at forced sale in order to realize cash with which to pay the tax." This obviously can mean but one thing, namely that the tendency of the tax is to drive valuable undeveloped lands and natural resources out of the hands of speculators and forestallers into the hands of those who will use them in productive industry; and every employer of labour, every wage-earner and in fact every individual interested in production and distribution rather than in speculation must see in this fact a point in favour of the tax rather than an objection to it.

If the proposed tax on land-values creates a tendency to loosen the hold of the forestaller of valuable opportunity in favour of the user, by making the forestaller release his grip at a price or rent which he was

unwilling before to accept, by just so much will the user be the gainer, and by just so much will the productive industry of the country be advantaged. It is time to recognize that the heavier the tax on the opportunities represented by valuable land and natural resources, the less easy does it become for speculators to hold them undeveloped, the more accessible do they become to productive industry, and the less necessary does it become to tax industry itself. How much longer does this committee suppose it is going to be possible to hoodwink business men into believing that their interests coincide with the interests of speculators and monopolists? On the other hand, what hope is there of ending the strife between wage-earners and employers until both recognize that they should make common cause against the monopoly of land and natural resources which is strangling them both?

The country is speeding towards more and more paternalism and State socialism, which movement really satisfies nobody. Yet if the present industrial unrest can not be quieted who knows but what we are coming to an upheaval with violence and bloodshed?—and in such a situation this committee merely quibbles over what is the least harmful way of taxing the industry of the country, when what that industry needs is relief from taxation by means of a positive reduction in its amount.

The business men of this country must reject the programme of this Tax Committee, as utterly inadequate in the present crisis. Our captains of industry who have the imagination, the enterprise and the ability to carry on the great productive industries of this country, must refuse any longer to be exploited by the speculators and monopolists who restrict both employers and wage-earners in their joint efforts to supply the material needs and desires of society, and in addition load the burden of taxation upon them. Our business leaders must no longer be deluded by the dupes of the monopolistic interests who would refuse, as "unsound in principle," any transfer of the tax burden from industry to monopoly. If there must be a class-war, then let it be between those whose interests are truly antagonistic. Let the employers combine with their partners in industry, the wage-earners, to fight those who control the opportunities that are indispensable to industry and yet decline to bear any portion of the burden of Federal taxation.

JOHN S. CODMAN.

THE GESTURE OF CASTILE.¹

TELEMACHUS had wandered so far in search of his father that he had quite forgotten what he was looking for. He sat on a yellow plush bench in the Café El Oro del Rhin, Plaza Santa Ana, Madrid, swabbing up with a bit of bread the last smudges of brown sauce off a plate the edges of which were piled with the dismembered skeleton of a pigeon. Opposite his plate was a similar plate which his companion had already polished. Telemachus put the last piece of bread into his mouth, drank down a glass of beer at one spasmodic gulp, sighed, leaned across the table and said:

"I wonder why I'm here."

"Why anywhere else than here?" said Lyæus, a young man with hollow cheeks and slow-moving hands about whose mouth a faint, pained smile was continually hovering, and he, too, drank down his beer.

At the end of a perspective of white marble tables, faces thrust forward over glasses, yellow plush cushions under twining veils of tobacco-smoke, four German women on a little dais were playing Tannhäuser. Smells of beer and sawdust and shrimps and roast pigeon.

¹"A preface to a collection of essays on Spain.

"Do you know Jorge Manrique? That's one reason, Tel," the other man continued slowly. With one hand he gestured to the waiter for more beer, the other he waved across his face as if to brush away the music; then he recited, pronouncing the words haltingly:

*Recuerde el alma dormida,
Avive el seso y despierte
Contemplando
Cómo se pasa la vida,
Cómo se viene la muerte
Tan callando:
Cuán presto se va el placer,
Cómo después de acordado
Da dolor,
Cómo a nuestro parescer
Cualquiera tiempo pasado
Fué mejor.*

"It's always death," said Telemachus, "but we must go on."

It had been raining. Lights rippled red and orange and yellow and green on the clean paving-stones. A cold wind of the Sierra shrilled through the clattering streets. As they walked the other man was telling how this Castilian nobleman, courtier, man-at-arms, had shut himself up when his father, the Master of Santiago, died, and had written this poem, created this tremendous rhythm of death sweeping like a wind over the world. He had never written anything else. They thought of him in a suit of black velvet, writing at a table under a lemon tree in the court of his great dust-coloured mansion at Ocaña where the broad eaves were full of a cooing of pigeons and the rafters were painted with arabesques in vermilion. Down the sun-seared street, in the cathedral that was building in those days, full of a smell of scaffolding and stone-dust, there must have stood a tremendous catafalque where lay in his armour the Master of Santiago; in the carved seats of the choirs the stout canons intoned an endless growling litany; at the sacristy door, the flare of the candles flashing occasionally on the jewel of his mitre, the bishop fingered his crosier restlessly, asking his favourite choir-boy from time to time why Don Jorge had not arrived; and messengers must have come running to Don Jorge telling him that the service was on the point of beginning and he must have waved them away with a grave gesture of a long white hand, while in his mind the distant sound of chanting, the jingle of the silver bit of his roan horse stamping nervously where he was tied to a twined Moorish column, memories of cavalcades filing with braying of trumpets and flutter of crimson damask into conquered towns, of court ladies dancing, and the noise of pigeons in the eaves, drew together like strings plucked in succession on a guitar into a great wave of rhythm in which his life was sucked away into this one poem in praise of death.

*Nuestras vidas son los ríos
Que van a dar en la mar
Que es el morir . . .*

Telemachus was saying the words over softly to himself as they went into the theatre. The orchestra was playing a Sevillana; as they found their seats they caught glimpses beyond people's heads and shoulders of a huge woman with a comb that pushed the tip of her mantilla a foot and a half above her head, dancing with ponderous dignity. Her dress was pink, flounced with lace; under it the bulge of breasts and belly and three chins quaked with every thump of her tiny heels on the stage. As they sat down she retreated, bowing like a full-rigged ship in a squall. The curtain fell, the theatre became very still; next was Pastora.

Strumming of a guitar, whirring fast, dry like locusts in a hedge on a summer-day. Pauses that catch your blood and freeze it suddenly still like the rustling of a branch in silent woods at night. A gipsy in a red sash is playing, he slouches into a cheap cane-chair, behind him a faded crimson curtain. Off stage, heels beaten on the floor catch up the rhythm with tentative interest, drowsily, then suddenly added, sharp click of fingers snapped in time and the rhythm slows, hovers like a bee over a clover flower. A little taut sound of air sucked in suddenly

goes down the rows of seats. With faintest tapping of heels, faintest snapping of the fingers of a brown hand held over her head, erect, wrapped tight in a yellow shawl where the embroidered flowers make a splotch of maroon over one breast, a flecking of green and purple over shoulders and thighs, Pastora Imperio comes across the stage, quietly, unhurriedly.

In the mind of Telemachus the words return

*Cómo se viene la muerte
Tan callando.*

Her face is brown with a pointed chin; her eyebrows that nearly meet over her nose rise in a flattened "A" towards the fervid black gleam of her hair; her lips are pursed in a half smile as if she were stifling a secret. She walks round the stage slowly, one hand at her waist, the shawl tight over her elbow, her thighs lithe and restless, a panther in a cage. At the back of the stage she turns suddenly, advances; the snapping of her fingers gets loud, insistent, a thrill whirs through the guitar like a covey of partridges scared in a field. Red heels tap threateningly.

*Decídme: la hermosura,
La gentil frescura y tez
De la cara,
La color y la blancura,
Quando viene la viejez
Cuál se para?*

She is right at the footlights; her face, brows drawn together into a frown, has gone into shadow; the shawl flames, the maroon flower over her breast glows like a coal. The guitar is silent, her fingers go on snapping at intervals with dreadful foreboding. Then she draws herself up with a deep breath, the muscles of her belly go taut under the tight silk wrinkles of the shawl, and she is off again, light, joyful, turning indulgent glances towards the audience, as a nurse might look into the eyes of a child she has unintentionally frightened with a too dreadful fairy story.

The rhythm of the guitar has changed again; her shawl is loose about her, the long fringe flutters; she walks with slow steps, in pomp, a ship decked out for a festival, a queen in plumes and brocade . . .

*Qué se hicieron las damas,
Sus tocados, sus vestidos,
Sus olores?
Qué se hicieron las llamas
De los fuegos encendidos
De amadores?*

She has gone, and the gipsy guitar-player is scratching his neck with a hand the colour of tobacco, while the guitar rests against his legs. He shows all his teeth in a world-engulfing yawn.

When they came out of the theatre, the streets were dry and the stars blinked in the cold wind above the houses. At the curb, old women sold chestnuts and little ragged boys shouted the newspapers.

"And now do you wonder, Tel, why you are here?"

They went into a café and mechanically ordered beer. The seats were red plush this time and much worn. All about them groups of whiskered men leaning over tables, astride chairs, talking.

"It's the gesture that's so overpowering, don't you feel it in your arms? Something sudden and tremendously muscular."

"When Belmonte turned his back suddenly on the bull and walked away dragging the red cloak on the ground behind him, I felt it," said Lyæus.

"That gesture a yellow flame against maroon and purple cadences . . . an instant's swagger of defiance in the midst of a litany to death the all-powerful. That is Spain . . . Castile at any rate."

"Is swagger the right word?"

"Find a better."

"For the gesture that a mediæval knight made when he threw his mailed glove at his enemy's feet or a rose in his lady's window, that a mule-driver makes when he tosses off a glass of aguardiente, that Pastora Imperio makes dancing. . . . A word! Rubbish!" and Lyæus

burst out laughing. He laughed deep in his throat with his head thrown back.

Telemachus was inclined to be offended.

"Did you notice how extraordinarily near she kept to the rhythm of Jorge Manrique?" he asked coldly.

"Of course. Of course," shouted Lyæus, still laughing.

The waiter came with two mugs of beer.

"Take it away," shouted Lyæus. "Who ordered beer? Bring something strong, champagne. Drink the beer yourself."

The waiter was scrawny and yellow, with bilious eyes, but he could not resist the laughter of Lyæus. He made a pretence of drinking the beer.

Telemachus was now very angry. Though he had forgotten his quest and the maxims of Penelope, there hovered in his mind a disquieting thought of an eventual accounting for his actions before a dimly imagined group of women with inquisitive eyes. This Lyæus, he thought to himself, was too free and easy. Then there came suddenly to his mind the dancer standing tense as a caryatid before the footlights, her face in shadow, her shawl flaming yellow; the strong modulations of her torso seemed burned in his flesh. He drew a deep breath. His body tightened like a catapult with desire.

"O, to recapture that gesture," he muttered. The vague inquisitorial woman-figures had sunk fathoms deep in his mind.

Lyæus handed him a shallow twinkling glass.

"There are all gestures," he said.

Outside the plate-glass window a countryman passed singing. His voice dwelt on a deep trembling note, rose high, faltered, skidded down the scale, then rose suddenly frighteningly, like a skyrocket, into a new burst of singing.

"There it is again," Telemachus cried. He jumped up and ran out on the street. The broad pavement was empty. A bitter wind shrilled among the arc lights white like lead eyes.

"Idiot," Lyæus said between gusts of laughter when Telemachus sat down again. "Idiot, Tel. Here you'll find it," and despite Telemachus's protestations he filled up the glasses. A great change had come over Lyæus. His face looked fuller and flushed. His lips were moist and very red. There was an occasional crisp curl in the black hair about his temples.

And so they sat drinking a long while.

At last Telemachus got unsteadily to his feet.

"I can't help it. . . . I must catch that gesture, formulate it, do it. It is tremendously, inconceivably, unendingly important to me."

"Now you know why you're here," said Lyæus quietly.

"Why are you here?"

"To drink," said Lyæus.

"Let's go."

"Why?"

"To catch that gesture, Lyæus," said Telemachus in an over-solemn voice.

"Like a comedy professor with a butterfly-net," roared Lyæus. His laughter so filled the café that people at far-away tables smiled without knowing it.

"It stings in my blood. It must be formulated, made permanent."

"Killed," said Lyæus with sudden seriousness, "better drink it with your wine."

Silent they strode down an arcaded street. Cupolas, voluted baroque façades, a square tower, the bulge of a market-building, tile roofs, chimney-pots ate into the star-dusted sky to the right and left of them, until in a great gust of wind they came out on an empty square, where were few gas lamps; in front of them was a heavy arch full of stars, and Orion sprawling above it. Under the arch a pile of rags asked for alms whiningly. The jingle of money was crisp in the cold air.

"Where does this road go?"

"Toledo," said the beggar, and got to his feet. He was an old man, bearded, evil-smelling.

"Thank you. . . . We have just seen Pastora," said Lyæus jauntily.

"Ah Pastora! . . . The last of the great dancers," said the beggar, and for some reason, he crossed himself.

The road was frosty and crunched silkily underfoot.

Lyæus walked along, shouting lines from the poem of Jorge Manrique.

*Cómo se pasa la vida
Cómo se viene la muerte
Tan callando:
Cuán presto se va el placer,
Cómo después de acordado
Da dolor,
Cómo a nuestro parescer
Cualquiera tiempo pasado
Fue mejor.*

"I bet you, Tel, they have good wine in Toledo."

The road hunched over a hill. They turned and saw Madrid cut out of darkness against the starlight. Before them sown plains, gulches full of mist, and the tremulous lights on many carts that jogged along, each behind three jingling slow mules. A cock crowed. All at once a voice, singing, burst suddenly into swaggering tremolo out of the darkness of the road beneath them, rising, rising, then fading off, then flaring up hotly like a red scarf waved on a windy day, like the swoop of a hawk, like a rocket intruding among the stars.

"Butterfly-net, you old fool!" Lyæus's laughter volleyed across the frozen fields.

Telemachus answered in a low voice:

"Let's walk faster."

He walked with his eyes on the road. He could see in the darkness Pastora, wrapped in the yellow shawl with the splotch of maroon-coloured embroidery moulding one breast, stand tremulous with foreboding before the footlights, suddenly draw in her breath, and turn with a great exultant gesture back into the rhythm of her dance. Only the victorious culminating instant of the gesture was blurred to him. He walked with long strides along the crackling road, his muscles aching for memory of it.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

MISCELLANY.

WHEN the end comes to a man's labours it is right that his life should be judged according to the manner in which he has expressed the law of his inmost being. James Huneker leaves behind him no work false to himself. He was from first to last a student, daring all things and enduring all things in his pursuit of knowledge. He abominated the *poseur* and quack. He would push aside the picture, or the marble, or the drama, or the symphony while he searched the spirit of the artist for any taint of cant, faithlessness or vanity. Scholarship and honesty were to Huneker twin sanctions for the artist's life. To show his keen scent for these qualities, the unusual delicacy of his sensitiveness towards them, I recall his article on M. Bergson, "The Playboy of Western Philosophy," written soon after the publication of "Creative Evolution." Huneker's criticism and interpretation of M. Bergson's work rubbed me the wrong way, and I told him he had made a great mistake. "Wait a few years," he replied, "and you will see I am right. A playboy—mark me! A scholar, but a playboy all the same." The position taken by M. Bergson during the war justified Huneker's findings.

WHERE did that insatiable yearning for knowledge not take him? He knew the European public galleries like a book; he knew as many private collections as Stevenson Scott. "Promenades of an Impressionist" is, perhaps, unique as an informing work for the layman on the school of Manet and Renoir. Who in this country knew much about Cézanne until Huneker introduced him to us? "Mezzotints of Modern Music," "Visionaries," "Egoists," "Iconoclasts" and "Overtones" together form a kind of compendium for the student of painting, music, literature, drama, sculpture and philosophy; they are the works of a man of a full mind, written out of experience and not at second-hand. The young man or woman in search of culture may, after reading this small library of large

knowledge, set out for Europe with the certainty of discovering it; and then perhaps return here to discover themselves. Huneker's tentacles stretched in every direction; for thirty years little of importance in thought and art escaped him. From Fra Angelico to Degas; from Phidias to Rodin and Epstein, from Palestrina to Scriabin, from the King James version of the English Bible to George Moore, from Ben Jonson and Marlowe to Shaw and Ibsen, Huneker always in quest, never satiated, took all into a devouring mind. One feels that had he lived twice the span of his years he would have been at the end of it as busily collecting knowledge as he was a month ago.

FOR one whose bent of mind ran towards philosophic anarchism, his catholicity of taste was extraordinary. He closed his mind against nothing, found the thought and work of all schools interesting; and the multiplicity of ideas and expressions of the various schools was never too much for his flexibility. Hence, in his personal relations he met men on their own ground. With Augustus John at the Café Royale, with Richard Strauss at Gambrinus's, with John Robertson and Ernest Newman and Arthur Symons; he was at ease alike with painter, composer, rationalist, critic, poet, and each received compensation for what he took from them. His humour was rich, fecund and sparkling; usually accompanied by a merriness of racy vagary which was irresistible.

HUNEKER was always at his best when in Europe. Once he and his wife and Olive Fremstad and I went from Munich a-picnicking to Starnberg. At Chiem, the gimcrack palace that King Ludwig built for Wagner, we had great fun. As we passed down the neglected statuary-halls we laughed so heartily at Huneker's comments and chaff that even the solemn attendants were infected. "Caligula, Nero and Heliogabalus!—by thunder, if this isn't *Götterdämmerung* with a vengeance!" he cried, as he read the names of the busts and statues. The trick-table in the dining-room, which sank into the kitchen after every course, was clear proof to Jim that Ludwig and Wagner were both teetotallers. Near the edge of the lake we took our evening meal and ended a memorable day; the Austrian Alps were bathed in the light of the setting sun when we made our way to the station. Country life was not for Huneker, but something in that scene touched him deeply. "A beautiful, fragrant spot, and I don't mind the stillness"—a great concession for him to make.

It was four o'clock one morning in Munich in the Café Leopold, a place he called the Holy Grail because of its likeness to the setting of the last scene in Parsifal, when he said: "Friendship between man and woman, bah! See, we have been talking six hours on end. Now if you were a woman—well, what on earth should we have said, and how long should we have taken to say it?"

WE were in Munich for the first performance at the new Prince Regenten Theatre. Everybody was there. What a centre of life the place was, before the scourge struck Europe! Huneker had a great time talking with von Possart over the old days in New York—the Irving Place Theatre, the Thalia, Lüchow's, Fleischmann's. One morning at the Glass Palace exhibition of pictures, Ternina and I were looking at an oil-painting of Munch's; the subject was several children crossing a bridge. The children appeared to move towards the spectator, their eyes wide open with an expression of great fear. Huneker came up, looked at the picture and shuddered. "Lord," he gasped, "they looked right through me." "Yes, that is so," Ternina nodded. "They look through us all, and see us as we are."

CERTAIN prejudices he had, of course; no one of his imaginative power could get along without one or two. A black cat was his particular *bête noir*, and one, the only cat I ever loved, upset him fearfully. We were

dining at Snaresbrook in Essex, Mrs. Edenborough's hospitable home, known to many Americans, Jim drew up to the table, seated in the chair I usually occupied when visiting Snaresbrook. On account of his prejudice, strict instructions had been given to keep Tom downstairs, but alas, the animal somehow got into the room, and, thinking I was in my usual seat, sprang up on to Jim's shoulders. Poe himself could not have described the scene that followed! On the way back to London that night, Huneker said to me: "It's the only thing I've got against the Egyptians. A cat!—imagine their making a god of a cat, a thing with nine lives. A yellow dog, yes; but a cat! Well, your friend was well provided with claws; he's branded me for life."

IN "Steeplejack" he refers to the incident of sitting next to Lydia Thompson in Beerbohm Tree's theatre during a performance of "Twelfth Night" but he does not say that it was all arranged for him to do so. For years I had heard him tell of Lydia, and the days of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's Garden; so I thought he would like to meet her. Zeffie Tilbury, Lydia's daughter, was in the cast with Tree and I drew her into the plot. But the best-laid schemes fall through somehow, and because of our going to supper at Tree's the meeting of Lydia and Jim, and the chat with both that I had hoped for, did not take place. But how Tree enjoyed Huneker! It was a great night; both were at their best. "I should like a week off with Huneker," Tree said to me afterwards, "he has a splendid thrust. Didn't he sharpen me up a bit?"

HE did that for everyone who came in contact with him. Whether with George Moore at Beirlem's at Bayreuth, or with von Stuck, whose "Eve"—"the red-haired, green-eyed snake-charmer," as Jim called her—fascinated him tremendously; or with Hans Richter, or George Douglas Brown, Huneker sharpened them all up. He was an intellectual philanthropist of the highest order. Life, as he realized it, was so full that as he had taken generously from it he could not withhold making a lavish return to his fellows. No life I know of was more fully and truly represented and expressed in works than Huneker's. I think that of all his writings, his slight and casual products of short fiction will perhaps live longest; but his work, in whatever field, was truly and always the man. Its honesty and courage are as strong as its versatility is manifold; its aims and aspirations are as high as the nobility of the themes upon which he wrote.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

MR. SCHILDKRAUT ARRIVES.

Is theatrical criticism anything more than the expression of personal preferences and opinions? Has it any solid basis? Here certainly, more than in the case of any other art, the margin of caprice, of personal preference, is greater; the art itself being so hybrid, and the appreciation of its technique—the one demonstrable factor that can serve as a basis for unified standards of criticism—so little diffused. But is it too much to expect of the critic in the theatre that he shall be able to meet the artist on his own ground with something of that expert acquaintance with his medium that the critic in painting or music must possess before he can set pen to paper?

The occasion of these questions is the acclaim that his audience gave to Mr. Joseph Schildkraut a few weeks ago on the last night of "Pagans," the play in which he was introduced to the American public. The piece itself had been assailed beyond its deserts, and had been made responsible for the coolness of the metropolitan critics to its leading actor. It was a transparently conventional little play, honest in its own fashion, but it served a sufficient purpose in providing a rôle that allowed Mr. Schildkraut to act. His performance revealed two facts; the actor's brilliant technical equipment and—a no less impressive lack of it in the majority of his critics.

Here was a young man of twenty-four who, after a novitiate in an American dramatic school, had returned from a career in one of the two leading theatres on the Continent (where he had played upwards of a hundred and seventy-five rôles) possessing a technique that would have been remarkable in an artist of twice his years, a technique that can not be expected of American actors, largely because they do not have the opportunities of training to acquire it.

At a time when so much is being said—and done—for the "advancement" of our stage, should not the accession of such an actor be welcomed with something more than the perfunctory recognition which is extended to the conventional performers who come and go in our ephemeral entertainments? Especially welcome is he, for his coming makes possible the performance on our stage of many plays that have long been waiting for artists of just his equipment.

Mr. Schildkraut's technique is essentially romantic. For this reason, when applied to a text written in a different style, as in the case of "Pagans," it produced an effect which while not false—it was too able for that—was suggestively incongruous; his performance being thus one of pure virtuosity, it left one rather too acutely conscious of its mere dexterity. To hear the pedestrian prose of this play read with all the rhetorical passion and cunning artifices that are characteristic of a Continental method was a little like listening to a Czerny exercise interpreted as a Chopin *étude*. There was less music than musicianship; but it afforded the pleasure that skill and assurance and the artist's delight in the manipulating of his instrument always command. One listened less to the lines than to the rich vocal colour with which they were spoken, to the sensitive variety of *tempo*, the fluent modulations, the precision of attack, the supple, gliding, persuasive tone, the clean and narrow transitions which, more than any other single quality, indicated the degree of mastery possessed by the youthful performer. Almost as if he were aware that it was through this rhythmic spell that he must hold his audience, he played on his instrument with a ceaseless quivering variety that in retrospect seems perhaps to have been somewhat excessive for his purpose. Doubtless the maturing artist will show less fear of monotony, more introspective legato. He will not break the back of a phrase so often for the sake of a pause, or colour a detail so insistently; he will, as he grows in breadth, learn from his distinguished father. Evidences of youth and its proud prowess, these are not evidences of inexperience; it is only to one who is already an artist that such criticism can be addressed.

It is natural that there should be some who, with varying conclusions, would compare Mr. Schildkraut with Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami, another newcomer of the season, and admittedly a more mature artist; but it is an unfair and unwarranted comparison. Entirely different in temperament, in endowment, and in years, they are different also in method. The technique of Mr. Ben-Ami is not so much that of another school as it is the self-made, highly individual method of a great instinctive actor, while the technique of the younger Schildkraut is the conscious and deliberate manner of the good school in which he acquired it. Possessing, as he does, a less magnetic and less imposing personality, one would infer that Mr. Schildkraut's methods and personality coincide with and define each other completely. He is unquestionably a "born" actor; he has presence and passion; but in the actor that he has made of himself, not the least excellent quality of his skill is its adaptation to a possibly more restricted natural endowment.

The limitations of an artist are virtues when they are recognized and adapted to his uses. But the limitations of criticism, of fallible criticism . . . ! These invite a turning, and a turning again, of its pages. One can only hope that we may see Mr. Schildkraut's Gianetto Malespini or his Peer Gynt or his Duc de Cadignan and look forward to his Lilliom which the Theatre Guild is to show in the spring.

R. L. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

A NEANDERTHAL MAN.

SIRS: I hear that Governor's Miller's recent address to the New York State League of Women Voters has aroused keen interest among archaeologists. Some enthusiasts go as far as to propose the term "Millerian period" which they place in the middle Neolithic Age. It seems that human speech existed in the crude after-dinner form but as yet no complicated mental processes. The "Old Man" theory of tribal government persisted but was becoming wabbly. Already women were regarded as a menace to sound Neolithic institutions. The aged and weak were no longer killed as in the brutal Paleolithic Age but were mercifully allowed to starve. The two-party system had already taken root, society being roughly divided into those who were near the fire and those who were crowded out into the cold. Our anthropologists are hoping for further enlightenment as the administration goes on, but there is general regret that Mr. Miller has been placed in the executive mansion at Albany instead of in the Natural History Museum, in New York. I am, etc.,
Green's Farms, Connecticut.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

"THOUGHT, FORMULA AND ACTION."

SIRS: In a world where all the thinking that is done appears to be at the mercy of unscrupulous desires, the editorial under the above title in your issue of 9 February will appeal to all who are convinced that the new age for which we are working needs to be *thought out*, not *fought out*.

The lack of "simple, disinterested thinking" is at the back of much that is to be deplored in the life of to-day—the dishonesty that has made politics the sport of base interests; the intolerance that, in the religious world and elsewhere, mistakes fanaticism for faith; the insincerity in Art that produces, not expressions of an Inner Beauty, but futilities of an outer convention.

The need for *free* thought, in the full significance of those words, is evident to anyone who sees the world hurtling to a social and political chaos as the result of the clash of warring classes and programmes. It has been truly said that propaganda has two phases—the propaganda of the right form, and the propaganda of the right attitude. You, sirs, are performing an excellent service in concentrating your readers' attention on the importance of propaganda of the right attitude and the necessity that exists for those same readers to do their own thinking if that propaganda is to be carried on. If only we could stimulate the growth, in men and women everywhere, of the will to peace, there would not be much difficulty in devising appropriate means (by a League of Nations or otherwise) for the expression of that will. Without that will, no form that we may devise can be anything but a decorative feature in a house built upon sand. If only we could get some disinterested thinking done on social and economic issues, there would be some hope of healthy growth around that nucleus of brotherhood which has already formed in the hearts of an ever-increasing band of men and women of all classes and creeds and shades of political opinion who desire justice ardently.

Emphatically, your editorial is not, as some may think, an expression of idle fancy, it is rather an expression of the grimmest of realities. The whole future of our civilization would seem to depend upon the amount of disinterested thinking we can put into its transformation and the degree of tolerance with which we can environ our free search for Truth in all departments of life. In the ultimate, Freedom appears to depend far more upon a change in consciousness—in thought and emotion—than upon an alteration of outer conditions. Let Liberty and Justice be born in the heart, and it will soon win its way to expression in our political and social life.

I take this opportunity of expressing my grateful thanks to the *Freeman*. May its cool shadow never grow less! I am, etc.,
New York City.

BASIL P. HOWELL.

RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY.

SIRS: For anyone in Germany who, like myself, still attempts to be an observer rather than a participant, except in charitable work, it is possible to speak with much more confidence than was possible a year ago concerning our chances of successfully surviving these hard times. The recurring waves of dissatisfaction which have culminated from time to time in strikes or in attempts at revolution have become more and more insignificant. In this connexion, a recent incident has

impressed itself upon my mind as being very significant indeed. A short time ago the left wing of the Independent Socialists succeeded in getting into the general meeting of their party at Halle, Mr. Zinoviev, who is said to be the greatest orator of the Russian Bolsheviks. In a remarkable speech lasting more than four hours he deluged the assembly with arguments and sentiments in favour of the Third International. Ear-witnesses have told me that nowhere in the world have they heard such skilful demagogic oratory as Zinoviev's. Had not clear minds or an unshakable organization faced this torrent of mingled invective and *fata Morgana*, the subsequent voting of the wrought-up crowd would have led it into the arms of Moscow. But, as a matter of fact, not a single vote was gained by the Russian, while his opportunity to speak deprived him of the boast that his opponents had denied him a chance to speak for his cause. The sober thoughtfulness which was shown by the radical wing of our socialists on this occasion inspires me with confidence in our strength to carry through an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary reconstruction-programme.

We shall need that strength beyond a doubt in many critical days to come. The problem of our bread supply is more difficult than it was a year ago. The harvest was seven million tons instead of eight and one-third millions last year. That means, of course, as with the supply of nearly all raw materials, that co-operation is necessary on the part of other countries and especially of the United States. I, for one, should like to register it as my firm conviction that the German people will justify the world's confidence. By controlling more and more our own constructive energies and by looking ahead rather than by looking backwards the salvation of Germany will be accomplished. I am, etc.,
Charlottenburg, Germany.

O. J. M.

P. S. Possibly the most hopeful feature of our social, economic and political life to-day is to be found in the further co-ordination of production that has taken place through the development of various forms of economic councils, i.e., councils formed by employees and employers in every type of community, business and industrial enterprise, and between identically-interested groups, leading up to a supreme economic council for the entire country.

THE FETISH OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

SIRS: I was greatly interested in Mr. Eaton's article on "What Every Schoolmaster Knows" in your issue of 9 February. For while Mr. Eaton has written mainly with an eye to the private schools and colleges of the East, it is surprising how well his remarks apply to conditions in the rest of the country. The conclusion is inescapable that everywhere, the country over, this same fetish of the college education has played the dickens with secondary-school education, as well as with the college itself.

Of course here in the near-Middle West the private school has no reason for existence, and in fact barely survives. Graduates of so-called accredited high schools are simply dumped indiscriminately into the State University and are there left to take care of themselves. But the high schools fall more or less into two groups: first those corresponding to the private schools in the East in that they make an honest, albeit futile effort to fit their students for the university; and second those that are what Mr. Eaton rightly regards as a joke. But here is the strange phenomenon, with only a few notable exceptions the high schools of the first class, are *not* found in the larger cities! Barring certain primitive and sequestered districts, the poorest high schools are found in the cities and the best students come from our prosperous *farming communities*. To one who daily comes in contact with the two classes of students this fact never ceases to be striking.

But as Mr. Eaton has observed, the better schools for all their "democratic curricula" are intensely narrow. As far as English composition goes, with which I am mainly concerned, the freshman from the better school has more to unlearn than any other. He is full of absurd notions that he has been taught only too well, and he is besides so cocksure of himself and his school!

Mr. Eaton has not said so, but in this matter we are dealing with just one more of the vicious phases of *quantity-production*. The college instructor in spite of himself forgets at times that he is not the principal victim, only to realize all the more forcibly how unfortunate his students really are. After all, they do so surprisingly well, considering their frightful disadvantages. It all shows once more the tremendous adaptability of the human mind. Plumbers educating themselves into surgeons, thirteenth-century dreamers wor-

shipping at the shrine of Commerce and Journalism, and no one with time to find it out, except now and then by accident. The fetish of college education is dying hard—it is dying not at all in these parts, whatever may be the case in New England. What will be the upshot? The papers are announcing a registration here for the new semester of between seven and eight thousand and parallel the statement with an allusion to the unprecedented number of failures in the recent examinations. Mr. Eaton proposes a "drive" for a new sort of secondary school. I am afraid the remedy for the present situation will have to be rather a pretty drastic "drive" for a new sort of society—and I think Mr. Eaton will agree. I am, etc.,
Columbus, Ohio.

BERNARD RAYMUND.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF AN AMERICAN TRADE UNION

SIRS: It is admittedly difficult to draw morals from the experience of one country and apply them in another, and this is as true of trade unionism as of other spheres of social activity. The factors determining a movement are so numerous and may, individually, differ so materially between the countries under comparison that a basis of judgment is well-nigh impossible. The later development of trade unionism in America and in England is an illustration of this. Messrs. Budish and Soule's new volume, "The New Unionism," bears out the impression one has gained from other sources, that the American labour-movement as a whole has not yet seized upon any such really sufficing ideals as are beginning to actuate the British movement. This, considering the industrial history of each country, is not so very surprising; what does surprise one however is that an American industry, and the clothing-industry at that, should have given all British industries such a lead.

"The New Unionism" gives the English reader a lucid description of the nature of the clothing-industry in America—the smallness of the industrial unit, the subcontracting system and the sweatshop, the large proportion of female labour, the fluctuations in demand due to season and fashion, and the other demoralizing factors which all countries have contributed to make the industry's unenviable reputation. In England, similar conditions long prevented the growth of anything approaching a virile form of organization; it is only since the strong arm of the law has enforced a national basis of wages that English workers have been enabled to organize effectively. At first sight, the American industry would appear to have suffered from another and peculiar disadvantage in respect of the possibilities of organization; inasmuch as the industry was largely recruited from an immigrant population to whom its European experience would have seemed to make the acceptance of American thought, as to freedom of enterprise and individual liberty in economic relations, a matter of course. It is one of the great merits of the volume that the authors really convince the reader of the rightness of their main contention as to the real origin of the clothing-workers' organization; which is, shortly, that, faced with extraordinary difficulties in an almost intolerable economic situation, the workers had the strength of mind and will to unite in the formation of a new and adequate philosophy and to prosecute it with patience and conviction.

Particularly interesting to the English reader is the account of the place in these unions of the shop-committees and shop-chairmen. The clothing-unions in America appear consciously to have developed the shop-unit to an extent not known in most industries in this country where it is now one of the most important subjects in trade-union politics. Even more interesting is the account of the method of examination in selecting the officers of these committees. One of a well-chosen series of appendices to this volume consists of the examination-papers set by the New York Joint Board of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The method of written examination has been adopted in English trade unionism to only a very slight extent and I am not aware of any case of the use in this country of so excellent a general paper on the principles and practice of trade unionism as is here given; the use of the examination-method by the Lancashire cotton-operatives is of course of long standing but the test in that case is of a technical character.

The volume amply justifies the authors' claim that the American clothing-unions are practising a new unionism—a unionism differing from the old in the substance of its ideals and, consequently, in its methods also. The ideals centre in the aspiration towards the democratic control of the industrial system; they therefore compel an active interest not only in the machinery of organization but in education and politics.

and find a natural expression in literary journals.

The efficacy of legal measures to control home-work—or other industrial conditions—is perhaps a subject to which the American clothing-unions should give special attention; Messrs. Budish and Soule refer only somewhat incidentally to this question, but English opinion would not accept all that they seem to imply. This, however, is one of those questions in which political and other differences have to be considered, and the English reader is left with a clear impression of the undeveloped character of the American democratic movement on its political side. Things do not appear to be very much more advanced in America industrially than they are politically, as far as a real labour-movement is concerned; but it may be said that the clothing-unions of America have exhibited powers of combining a sustained and enthusiastic idealism with sound administration such as few British organizations can equal. Messrs. Budish and Soule, as well by showing this as by including the exceedingly valuable documents which appear as appendices to their book, have placed under a heavy obligation all who in every land are interested in the movement towards industrial democracy. I am, etc.,
London, England.

R. W.

THE POLICY OF "BORING FROM WITHIN."

SIRS: In his letter to the *Freeman* of 26 January, Mr. William Z. Foster says, apropos my statement of Daniel De Leon's view that only a rival organization could be strong enough to break the power of the American Federation of Labour:

I consider such a secessionist programme as primarily responsible for the glaring weakness of the labour-movement. By pulling the militant revolutionist out of the trade unions, it at once robs those bodies of precious help, and condemns the radical movement to a sterile isolation. I am most decidedly opposed to this destructive policy; for which more than any other man De Leon was responsible. I look for and am working towards the realization of industrial unionism through the evolution of the trade unions.

Syllogize Mr. Foster's argument and we get something like this:

1. This secessionist programme is primarily responsible for the glaring weakness of the labour-movement.

2. De Leon more than any other man is responsible for the secessionist movement.

3. Therefore, De Leon more than any other man is primarily responsible for the glaring weakness of the labour-movement.

This is a serious charge of injury and failure to lodge against a man who gave his life to the labour-movement. May I, therefore, point out certain facts that Mr. Foster appears to have overlooked? In the first place, Mr. Foster should be careful to get De Leon's view straight. In my article on De Leon in your issue of 12 January I said: "He (De Leon) had no patience with the policy of boring from within when used alone." *When used alone* are strategic words. Mr. Foster should not have overlooked them in making his counter-arguments. It was of the essence of De Leon's view in this matter that the "borers from within" and the independent industrial unions should supplement each other. When the "borer from within" faces singlehanded the powerful machine of the A. F. of L., he wages too uneven a battle. He is expelled from his trade union long before he can become, in Mr. Foster's phrase, "a militant revolutionist." De Leon's position was clearly stated in the Socialist-Labour party's introduction to the publication of Robert Randall's attack upon John Mitchell in the 1905 Convention of the United Mine Workers of America.

... the perverse Gompers-style of unionism must be attacked both by 'boring from without' and by 'boring from within'. . . If 'boring from within' is done properly, it lands the borer on the outside where he must find a place from which to continue to bore—from without. The 'boring from within' that does not lead to that is a disguised fraud upon the workers.

Let us now examine the facts to see whose theory they bear out—Mr. Foster's or De Leon's. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is a union of secessionists. These "militant revolutionists" broke away from the United Garment Workers, a union belonging to the A. F. of L. Whatever the weaknesses of this radical movement may be, I am sure that Mr. Foster would hardly say that its secessionist policy has condemned it "to a sterile isolation." Indeed, if I am not mistaken, these very secessionists furnished Mr. Foster's steel-strikers last year with just such material aid as De Leon expected the seceded, independent union would give to their fighting fellow-workers in the A. F. of L.

Now for the other side of the picture. Is the policy of "boring from within" as promising, in itself, as Mr. Foster thinks it to be? Mr. Foster, no doubt, knows the details of the formidable insurgent movement that arose among the

miners of America shortly after the armistice, especially among the miners of Illinois. In that State, 141 locals of the United Mine Workers with a membership of 57,703 out of a total of about 90,000, joined forces against their elected officials to the extent of running an insurgent strike, calling an insurgent special convention, capturing some sub-district offices, issuing literature against their officials and carrying on a battle with them that is still continuing. This struggle was not carried on by individual "militant revolutionists," but was an organized mass-attack upon the officialdom of the machine. What happened? Among other things: (1) \$27,299 was spent out of the District treasury to "crush the rebellion." (2) The insurgent Special Convention was insulated and "sterilized." (3) The strike-couriers were sluggish. (4) The charters of twenty-four insurgent locals were revoked. (5) The most active insurgents were expelled from the union. (6) Delegates elected from the above twenty-four insurgent locals to the International Convention at Cleveland were denied their seats. Against the "militant revolutionists" themselves, of course, the trade-union machine as yet has had to exert itself far less strenuously. Mr. Michael Tighe, promising not to continue the "irreverent" policies of Mr. Foster, safely becomes chairman of the Organizing Committee of the Steel Workers after Mr. Foster has been forced out, and in the Central Federated Union of New York even the farmer-labour radicals lose twenty-four out of twenty-five offices in the December elections to the conservatives. And so it goes!

If Mr. Foster will compare these facts with the facts of the recent Brindell case in New York, it may occur to him that so far the employers have bored into the trade unions far more successfully than have the "militant revolutionists." A moment's consideration might cause him to hesitate before he repeats his accusation that "the glaring weakness of the labour-movement" is due to a great man who sponsored a policy that even though it differs from Mr. Foster's, is being justified by events. I am, etc.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SYLVIA KOPALD.

POETRY.

MIDWAY.

Yon bleak and lonely crest is not for me,
Though swathed in light from dawn till afterglow;
Not from the summit would I choose to see
My fellow-men as pygmies far below.
I would but ask to reach a midway height
With brooks and upland meadows all around,
Where pines should break the spears of noonday light
And fill the void of dusk with wings of sound.

How gladly would I lend a guiding hope
To all who pass me towards the higher places!
But gladder would I view the plainward slope,
The fields and cottages and upturned faces,
Beckoning all to scale a peak so nigh,
That many men may reach as well as I.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

SUNDOWN.

The birds of sunset flock home to rest,
Redbird, Goldbird, Grey-of-the-West;
Each chimney's smoke goes up like prayer
For God's benediction on those living there—
His sleep that pleases mankind best.

Faith comes white-clad through the dusk,
And quiet Gladness smelling of musk;
Peace has her many hearths to light,
Contentment songs to sing all night,
There are many ripe ears for love to husk.

A host of kettles are gathering
Their age-old sagas of weal to sing,
Lamps come out on window sills
With Balm-of-Gilead for daytime ills,
Light flits by on softer wing.

Who dreads the coming of night to men
And the dews of terror that gather then?
Healing and comfort for such as grieve
Flock singing in hosts at blessed eve
When God takes his work-worn home again.

ROBERT P. COFFIN.

BOOKS.

THE SCIENTIFIC CRITIC.

MR. T. S. ELIOT has, as we know, an eye for the odd, and yet that is not to do him complete justice: his eye is for what is significant in the odd; and thus it is that we find him quoting, opposite the first page of his small, delightful book of criticism, "The Sacred Wood," the cryptic line: "I also like to dine on becaficas." Becaficas? If one is not expert in sixteenth-and seventeenth-century literature one learns from the dictionary that becaficas are "small birds" or "warblers" or "golden orioles": what the Italian peasant would indiscriminately term *uccellini*. Mr. Eliot, that is, likes to dine on song-birds; and he apprises us, with a gleaming and slightly sinister politeness, that he is about to do so. Would Mr. Eliot have us suppose that there is a trace of ferocity in this attitude? Does he wish to appear as something of a monster, perhaps in contrast to the sentimentality and idolatry which too often masquerade as criticism of poetry? One need not take the point too seriously. Yet it does afford, no doubt, a glimpse of motive. We are aware that Mr. Eliot intends, very deliberately intends, to be analytic and severe—severe even to the point of destructiveness.

Nor is one, in this regard, disappointed. His book is severe and analytic, and one can think of no two qualities in criticism which are at the moment more desirable. We should like to see every one of the thousand poets in this country with a copy of "The Sacred Wood" in his hands. It would perhaps restore to some that wholesome sense of the responsibility of the poet which, in America, has been weakened throughout our entire literary history by our proneness, as a young nation, to a maternal tenderness toward the local product. Mr. Eliot insists upon the value of tradition: it is a value which can not, just now, be too much insisted upon. He insists, again, on the elimination, as far as possible, of irrelevant emotional factors which may interfere with the best judgment of art: there is no country, which pretends to any interest in art, where that doctrine is needed as America needs it.

But if to say these things is to praise Mr. Eliot's book on general grounds, is to praise, in a general sense, his temper and his attitude, it is not our intention to praise his temper and attitude unreservedly. It is, perhaps, rather what Mr. Eliot intends, in temper and attitude, than what he achieves, that we like. It is a good thing, at this moment, to have a young critic who so deliberately, even contemptuously, turns his back on the contemporary, and who endeavours to see afresh such poets as Massinger, Jonson, Blake, Dante, even Shakespeare. Mr. Eliot is not timid, nor is he without learning; he speaks with confidence. One admires also, if one be in sympathy with that sort of thing, his tendency toward what might properly be termed the scientific method in criticism. But it is precisely here that one begins to qualify praise; for although one may agree with Mr. Eliot that criticism might profitably be more scientific, one is by no means convinced that "The Sacred Wood" takes criticism very far in that direction, nor, indeed, that Mr. Eliot sees very far in that direction. It is clear enough that for scientific criticism a very definite *point d'appui* will be indispensable, even if the *point d'appui* be only that æsthetic values are relative. The critic should apprise us at the outset what his attitude will be, thus

enabling us to discount it. He must, therefore, be clear as to his attitude, must know thoroughly and easily the world of values in which he moves, must decide in advance what terms he will use. His terms should be expressly defined. If he intends, for example, to use the word "feeling" in the modern psychological sense, as distinct from "emotion," he should say so in advance, lest his reader be confused; or else substitute for it the less equivocal word "affect."

Mr. Eliot is not, in these matters, precise. He has been infected by modern psychology, and he uses the terms of it not infrequently; but the basis from which he employs it shifts, and one is not sure that he is aware of the shift. Not with impunity can one mix the James-Lange set of terms with the terms of Freud: nor again the terms of de Gourmont (who was an amateur psychologist, and often a misleading one) with those of Kostyleff. Poetry, says Mr. Eliot on one occasion, "is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality." On another occasion he says: "Massinger had not the personality to create great farce." Again, he quotes with approval de Gourmont ("Problème du Style"): "*Le but de l'activité propre de l'homme est de nettoyer sa personnalité, de la laver de toutes les souillures qu'y déposa l'éducation. . .*" Of Massinger again: "His personality hardly exists." Now perhaps Mr. Eliot has something definite in mind when he speaks of personality, and perhaps he has some theory of the manner in which the personality of the poet relates to his work; but he fails to make either thing clear. To what extent, when he thinks of personality, is he thinking of sensibility? If sensibility be called *a* and experience *b*, then is personality *ab*? And would this make de Gourmont's advice meaningless? And, in the upshot, do we not make it clear that "personality" is so vague a word as to be useless, even dangerous, if it is our intention to be scientific? Mr. Eliot perceives keenly the need for definition: love of definition is one of his most obvious characteristics. He performs an admirable service in this sort when, in his essay on "Poetic Drama," he opens a coroner's inquest on the word "rhetoric." But his sense of the definite is intermittent; it abandons him often at the most critical moment, and in consequence Mr. Eliot himself is for ever abandoning us on the very doorstep of the illuminating. One has again and again the feeling that he is working, as it were, too close to the object. He is meticulous without being clear; he passes quickly from one detail of analysis to another; he is aggressively aware that he is "thinking," his brow is knit; but he appears to believe that mere fineness of analysis will constitute, in the sequence of his comments, a direction. What happens is that he achieves a kind of filigree without pattern. He does not always know in advance where he is going, and it often occurs, therefore, that he takes the wrong train of thought. That his talk continues to be of extraordinary interest does not avail: he is rapidly borne out of earshot. "*On pense mal quand on sait que l'on pense.*" Mr. Eliot is so intent on being intelligent at every point, in every sentence, in every syllable, that many of his pages become mere incoherences of cleverness; the evidence of thought is weighty, but the value of it is vague.

If Mr. Eliot is only intermittently and at times scientifically a psychologist in his effort toward a scientific method, one must observe also that at the very basis of his attitude, where it is most explicit, in the essay called "The Perfect Critic," he is least scientific. The ignorant reader (I quote a passage in that essay) "is unable to distinguish the poetry

¹"The Sacred Wood." T. S. Eliot. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

from an emotional state aroused in himself by the poetry, a state which may be merely an indulgence of his own emotion. . . . The end of the enjoyment of poetry is a pure contemplation from which all the accidents of personal emotion are removed; thus we aim to see the object as it really is. . . . Is this "pure contemplation" perhaps a chimera? Is poetry an object, or an experience, a relation to an object, a relation between ourselves and a set of stimuli which the artist has "arranged"? If the latter, which of the emotions aroused in us are "accidental"? The artist alone can tell us. I do not know, here, whether I agree or disagree with Mr. Eliot: I wish merely to point out that in what is obviously meant to be an important passage he falls far short of being clear. Supplement, moreover, the passage just quoted with this, from the essay on "Hamlet" (a play which Mr. Eliot terms an artistic failure): "And probably more people have thought 'Hamlet' a work of art because they found it interesting than have found it interesting because it is a work of art. It is the 'Mona Lisa' of literature." This statement is quite logical in its context. It is here significant because it arouses a suspicion that Mr. Eliot is distrustful of the artist who uses "interesting" material, that he prefers the work of art which is a triumph over material of which the direct "emotional" interest is less obvious (the plays of Massinger and Jonson, for example). But surely a work of art is no less a work of art for dealing with an emotional experience which interests or charms us than for dealing with one that repels or leaves us indifferent? Let us again have recourse to algebra: let x represent a theme which "interests" us, y a theme which does not, z the utmost possible skill of arrangement of theme. It will be clear that xz will delight us more than yz . And it is quite proper, is it not, that this should be so? Mr. Eliot desires, of course, to make a distinction between the "emotional" appeal which a work of art may make, and the "æsthetic" appeal. The distinction is worth making, but not if it leads the critic to condemn the former in order to exalt the latter, or if it leads him to attempt to isolate the latter, for "pure contemplation."

All of this is confusing because it is part of an attempt to make a beginning of scientific criticism on what is really a secondary plane. It is useless, or nearly useless, to attempt an estimate of the "skill" of a work of art, because, as long as we do not know what the work of art is for, we can not hope to know precisely what will constitute skill. If criticism is to be a science, then we must begin with an attempt to understand what is the function of art, socially and psychologically. What is the function of art in the community? In the life of the artist? This must be the starting-point, and the inquiry will deal very largely, at the outset, precisely with the question of "theme" as distinguishable from "arrangement." Analysis of the "æsthetic" values will come later.

Mr. Eliot's perplexity and obscurity and lack of coherence result from the fact that he is on this secondary plane and does not know it. It would be extremely unjust, however, to leave it at that. His observations are acute, his temperateness is refreshing. It is a testimonial to the range and ingenuity of his mind that as one puts down his book one thinks of so many points about which one would like to quarrel with him, and quarrel, moreover, respectfully. Is "Hamlet" a failure as a work of art?

Does Mr. Eliot find, in his essay on that play, the "objective correlative" of his conviction? Was a suitable mythological or philosophical framework, provided by tradition, lacking for Blake? With questions like these Mr. Eliot invites us to a meditation prolonged and delicious. . . . Nor would one forget to abuse him for his clever but insufficient theory of the prose style of Mr. Arthur Symonds.

CONRAD AIKEN.

A PSYCHOLOGIST AFIELD.

It is a strange olla podrida that Dr. Stanley Hall has just dished up for the American public in "Recreations of a Psychologist."¹ Some of the ingredients are of recent concoction, others have been lying in storage for two score years and more. To abandon the culinary parallel, some of the contributions to the volume are written in a plain straightforward style; in others the mania for newly-coined words of classical derivation, apparently on the principle that the ugliest are the best, transcends all bounds of credibility. Not content with such gems as "quaesita," "paidotribes," "revenient," "conflated," the author does not shrink from such positive atrocities as "storyologists" and "sewerologists." There is as much variety in content as in diction, and not less in quality. Assuredly this is not an easy book to appraise in summary fashion, except by a process of random sampling.

Unfortunately the first offering—and, alas! the longest—is the most forbidding in style and the least valuable in substance. Its theme is "The Fall of Atlantis," Pluto's legendary kingdom, from the heights of ideal perfection to the depths of degradation and final extinction. This Utopian commonwealth is conceived to have reached, in the days of hoary antiquity, the high-water mark of technical and social advancement. Government, then, was an art; eugenic principles were applied with wisdom and audacity; education started as play and communion with nature; religion—tolerant and protean—was skilfully adapted to each individual temperament. Millenniums ago Atlantean ingenuity had fathomed the mysteries of radium and had learned to produce any temperature from absolute zero to a trifling 20,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The trouble with this conception is its complete lack of anything approaching verisimilitude. The scheme is such a transparently mechanical figment; not a live creature of the imagination, but a jumble of Dr. Hall's ideals and pet crotchets. One quite fails to believe that such a State ever did or ever could exist, and the laudations lavished on it by its author savour of self-indulgence. As if to detract still further from the illusion, the annalist constantly drags in current phrases and contemporaneous allusions, not even disdaining the shopworn and meaningless antithesis of culture and *Kultur*. The impression left by a reading of this initial essay is of a mind assuredly not without vitality but lacking in taste and distinction.

It is a relief to turn from this schematic picture of an allegedly ideal world to "Getting Married in Germany," an amusing and well-told narrative of the hero's tribulations in conforming to the methods of red-tape, which governed the marriage of aliens living in Berlin forty years ago. The author tells us confidentially that the story is literally true—all except that he was not plucked for his degree, this item being thrown in for mere æsthetic effect.

The most attractive part of the volume, however, is the concluding "Note on Early Memories." A few years ago, it seems, President Hall revisited the scenes of his childhood, and on the four New England farms where most of it was spent, he recorded systematically everything remembered from the days of boyhood. The results were interesting beyond expectation. Thus, on the farm of the author's first two and a half years hardly a single definite memory-image was set down, yet there was an abiding sense of vague acquaintance. On the

¹"Recreations of a Psychologist." G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

grounds of the second home, the sight of a rose-bush brought tears and almost evoked a sob because of some vague association with the child's mother. Generally, but with notable exceptions, spots connected with play were remembered while the sites of work were forgotten. Many of the objects "retained the very vivid associations with the imagination which they used to have in boyhood." Everything read to the author as a boy had been definitely fixed in space; and the elderly visitor to the haunts of youth could not suppress a feeling of awe in passing a dark closet that juvenile fancy had once hit upon as the place of Bluebeard's crimes. These are but a few of Dr. Hall's observations; and they are interspersed with intimate revelations of the childish soul and sympathetic sketches of rural life. The essay is suggestive in the proper sense of that much-abused term, and its value is all the greater because it is largely, though not altogether, free from the stylistic extravagancies of Dr. Hall's later years. One leaves it with a distinct feeling of regret and the pious sigh, *Si ita omnia dixisset!*

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

A LOVER OF MANKIND.

WHEN Keir Hardie died, his mantle fell on George Lansbury. Hardie was a prophet, a spirit intensely religious and of a fine courage, a flame of fire. The war came and he died of a broken heart. But every Elijah has his Elisha; and Hardie had his, and his mantle sits well on George Lansbury. The two men sprang from stocks widely different. Hardie was a Scots miner, Mr. Lansbury is a London Cockney. Hardie was a Presbyterian who had given up the Church as a bad job; Mr. Lansbury is still a devout Episcopalian, though he "troubleth Israel" rather sorely at times. But the roads of these two men met in the common vision of a British Co-operative Commonwealth; and though Mr. Lansbury is genial where Hardie was apt to be austere, and Mr. Lansbury conciliatory where Hardie tended to be minatory, there is in both men the same divine fire, the same hatred of wrong, the same love of folk, and now that Hardie is gone, Mr. Lansbury is the acknowledged spiritual leader of the British labour-movement.

All prophets, however, have their limitations. The prophet's eye is trained for long distances, and he is always in danger of tumbling over his own doorstep. Mr. Lansbury's little book "What I Saw in Russia," shows that his charity may sometimes blur his vision. Mr. Lansbury's glowing story contrasts strangely with Mr. Bertrand Russell's cold and realistic account of his Russian impressions. Mr. Lansbury insists that Lenin is an early Christian *malgré lui*, and he is impressed by the quite genuine attempt to realize a communistic social order. But for the very reason that Lenin's aim accords so closely with his own, Mr. Lansbury is more considerate of Lenin's methods of achieving that aim than one would have expected him to be.

It is in the other book before us, "These Things Shall Be,"² that the true Lansbury appears. The book has six chapters, one for each of the stanzas of J. A. Symonds's well-known hymn; and it is throughout an eloquent and persuasive plea for a more humane organization of society and for a world of good-will. All of Mr. Lansbury's peculiar "witness" is set out with sincerity and simplicity. His special office is not that of formulating policies but of preparing the spiritual atmosphere in which a true statecraft of humanism will become possible. He is Christian in a simple, direct, intelligible sense; and this little book reveals a man rather than a doctrine. He has his doctrines, it is true; but they are formulations of his own instinctive affections and aversions rather than of the reasoned conclusions of his intellect. That is why one finds him sometimes involved in curious and sometimes unintelligible paradoxes. His hatred of all kinds of violence is deep and relentless; yet he does not hesitate

to advocate direct action in the form of a general strike (though he does not do so in this book).

First and last, George Lansbury is a man with a great heart. His love of mankind is comprehensive and unqualified; and though he hates capitalism, he does not hate capitalists. It is an insistent note in all his prophesying that we must distinguish between systems and men; and while we must hate evil systems, it is our duty to love the men who work these systems, remembering that after all they are men very much like ourselves. George Lansbury, moreover, practises what he preaches, and that fact makes him not only the prophet but the saint of the labour-movement.

RICHARD ROBERTS.

AN ARM-CHAIR MYSTIC.

THE greatest contribution of a book, even of a book on philosophy, may sometimes lie, not so much in any addition to the thought of the time, as in the revelation of some beauty of personality, enlarging by subtle contagion the horizons of speculation. Even such original thinkers as Royce and James and Russell and Bradley put us most in their debt by their sheer spiritual vitality that lifts us into an Alpine spaciousness of thought. Royce's feeling about loyalty, James's vigorous scorn of tender-mindedness, his vivid sensitiveness to the impact of life, Bradley's and Russell's attempts to maintain an honesty of thought without dimming or falsifying their response to mystery and beauty and human sympathy are as much an incentive to the growth of philosophy as any brilliance of their dialectic.

For most readers, the significance of Mr. Edward Ingram Watkin's "Philosophy of Mysticism"¹ will lie in this finer spirit of knowledge. Mr. Watkin's conclusions are ultimately based on a conviction of the validity of mystic states, and a thorough-going acceptance of the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever one may think of such conclusions, however, they seem to matter less than does a certain richness of character that infects the reader with something of the author's own tolerance and eagerness, and makes one close the book with a greater respect for the things that are not dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy.

In the preface, one is arrested by a kind of disarming honesty. Mr. Watkin says:

I am not a mystic, only a mystical philosopher. . . . The mystic wearied with toil and scorched with heat, is climbing Mt. Nebo with Moses, to die with him on the summit of vision. I linger in a comfortable hotel at Sittim, with a magnificent view of the Hills of Moab and a shady corner of garden under the palms. Here I sit in sight of the Holy Mountain, its steep ascent of crags, its summit red in the rays of the sun. From the mountain of God I can not take away my eyes. But I dare not leave the garden.

If the philosopher had left the garden, he would not have been able to give an account of mysticism in the terminology of technical philosophy; he would have joined, instead, the inarticulate company of the saints. The practising mystic may consider that Mr. Watkin has done poor service to the cause in trying to subject to the cold sacrilege of language what is so essentially glowing and incommunicable; to force into the classification of thought what is supposed to transcend thought, and what is, in any case, so personal and subjective. The mystic who takes such a position, however, is hardly fair to the rest of us, for he considers that he has found a universal reality, even though the only way thereto is the Mystic reality. When a philosopher examines this claim, the inadequacy of the intellect as an instrument of knowledge must be passed upon by the intellect itself. The mind is like a judge through whom appeal can be taken from one aspect of experience to its larger context. Such an appeal may seem useless to the mystic, whose confidence in his revelations is so profound that, whatever may be the conflict between them and the rest of his experience, his belief remains unshaken. But the ungodly

¹ "What I Saw in Russia." George Lansbury. New York: Boni & Liveright.

² "These Things Shall Be." George Lansbury. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

¹ "The Philosophy of Mysticism." Edward Ingram Watkin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

are not so; those who have not felt the conflict-destroying validity of mystic states need to test mystic dogma in the light of other values. It is to those who are interested in mysticism, and yet who are capable of viewing it from an arm-chair, that Mr. Watkin speaks. The value of his opinions will doubtless be determined in the case of each reader by the degree of credibility that the reader feels himself able to attach to mystical evidence; and this, in turn, will largely depend upon the degree of mysticism in the reader's own temperament.

In Mr. Watkin the strain of mysticism is strong, yet he makes a persistent effort to substantiate its claims before the court of his intellect. His honesty of character serves him well at this point. He admits that many "revelations" have proved to be illusions, that mystical states may be induced by processes of self-hypnotism, that they are not unrelated to physical ill-health, that they are typically followed at certain stages by great discouragement and reaction, that in intellectual content the "revelations" consist in little that is not to be found in the theology of the period; but he is not in the least disconcerted thereby. The fact that the "supernormal" works through the same functions as those that are affected by abnormal psychoses, such as hysteria, is not to be taken as invalidating the latter, any more than that we should seek to discredit sense perceptions because "glowing colours, sweet odours and musical notes are also present for the opium-smoker or the madman." The test of the divine origin of revelations Mr. Watkin finds to lie in their spiritual significance and value.

No doubt Mr. Watkin is right in thinking that the case for mysticism is hidden where neither psychology nor logic can deal it a death-blow. Psychology may describe the conditions which are favourable to the mystic consciousness; logic may expose the fact that its intellectual content "reveals" nothing that is not to be found in the particular theology that the mystic on other grounds had already espoused, but these considerations fail to disprove the view that the mystic approach to reality may yet be the way to achieve the completest union with it, the deepest sense of being.

Though mystics usually have little use for the intellect, there are nevertheless certain characteristic theories that tend to persist through all the changes in mystic belief, and are present in practically all its forms. These theories constitute the usual philosophical case for mysticism. Mr. Bertrand Russell has summed them up under four heads: a belief in intuition rather than reason as an instrument for apprehending reality; a belief in fundamental unity; a disregard of time as an ultimate reality; and either a disregard of the categories of good and evil, or a belief in the ultimate reality of the good. Mr. Watkin's philosophy is too versatile and realistic to fit exactly into these categories. Although he trusts in intuition of the mystical variety (he is not a believer in the wide claims made for Bergsonian intuition), he does not trust it entirely without discrimination, for he finds many revelations unworthy of belief. Although he considers unity more nearly ultimate than heterogeneity, he does not deny reality to the latter; nor does he deny reality to time, whatever may be his superior allegiance to eternity. Good and evil are real, even though they are part and parcel of our limited selves and the partial world in which we daily live. In short, Mr. Watkin denies reality to nothing, whether sense perceptions, matter, the reason, or evil; he refuses to found his system on those negations which so many philosophers have thought necessary to the conception of an Absolute. For him everything is real, though not in equal degree. His aim is in the direction of "an ever greater unification of an ever fuller manifold."

On the whole, Mr. Watkin's underlying philosophy is not dogmatic. From his arm-chair he sees others besides mystics climbing the Holy Mountain. The more commonplace types of experience make a real demand upon his thought. This is not unlikely due to an enthusiastic versatility of character which causes him to embrace a great variety of experience as not alien to his nature. What he wills to believe in philosophy is finely conditioned by hon-

esty, by a glowing sense of beauty, and by an imaginative affinity with the vivid variety of life. It is only when he leaves the field of philosophy, and comes to the specific revelations of the mystics themselves, that he departs from the critical method which a wide reference necessitates. Here he is credulous, literal, dogmatic. He lays out with map-like accuracy the mystical journey. He finds himself "compelled" to adhere to the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, the miraculous Sacraments, vicarious atonement, and the resurrection of the body. He believes in angels and devils, in spirits and prophecies. He seems to assume that, once having made a philosophical case for mysticism, he no longer needs to apply to details of mystic belief the rules of credibility.

Perhaps a rare reader, inspired by the freer spirit of the earlier sections of the book, can peruse even its latter pages in the mood of "poetic faith." He will have to overlook the mediæval quality of the author's terms; he will spiritualize them into highly volatile symbols and conspire to allow them to induce in him a dream-consciousness, that he may transcend their inertia and emerge beneath the stars. Then he may turn the pages with an almost epic pleasure. The quotations are arrestingly beautiful and the strangeness of this pale procession of the saints along their mystic journey through the Negative Way, the Active Night, thence into the empty darkness beset with purgatorial pain to the consummation of that final union of the spirit with the pervading Spirit of Life—all this has something of the grandeur and the convincing unreality of the Divine Comedy.

GERTRUDE BESSE KING.

CONCERNING SATIRE.

SATIRE is a vagrant and captious spirit. It rose superbly in Swift, it appeared again, rowdily, in Fielding. Then it ran pretty much underground until the beginning of the last century, when it showed itself smoothly in Jane Austen, and thereafter darted in and out of the work of most of the Victorian novelists, fulminating in a fertile abundance. But almost none of the younger English novelists are blessed with its sanative gift, and in this country, where its efforts might be so incisive, it has hardly asserted itself at all. There is a hint of meaning in these intermittent entrances. Satire will not spend its fine-edged weapons upon rough timber. It waits until certain areas of life have been partially cleared, gaining a vital impetus from the simpler formulations of the literary pioneer. Swift could hardly have gained his cosmic view if a science of history had not slowly been shaping itself before him. Modern everyday life was an uncharted wilderness until the latter eighteenth-century novel began to make explanatory paths. As a result, the Victorian novel was able to launch its attacks with a relative ease. It could find its way about.

Once launched, satire is active enough. It can descend into the dust to wrestle with crudities, vulgarities, raw vanities. With a rude and rapid flourish it pushes away rough structures, leaving the ground bare—but arable. In these exertions Mr. Gilbert Cannan finds a consistent rationale, which he sums up in a brief suggestive study of satire.¹ Mr. Cannan believes the satirist to be the thwarted artist, the creative writer who fails to discover in life what he needs for the satisfaction of his cravings. is stultified, and therefore attacks society. "The satirist is one who, passing beyond, or escaping the lyrical impulse, can not yet reach up to the dramatic . . . and so turns upon the world to break the insensibility that has infected him with its paralysis." His expression is part rebellion, part unconscious hope of that reconstruction which could bring a release of his more truly creative powers.

Perhaps this formula fits Swift. It certainly fits Meredith. Meredith was essentially the lyricist who never achieved a perfect lyricism. Narrowly fettered by social convention, unable as a personality quite to transcend its bonds, he nevertheless finds his most perfect freedom in

¹ "Satire," Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

the satiric thrust against convention. But in such writers as Jane Austen and Trollope there is no hint of wild creative hopes and lost lyrical causes, certainly no suggestion that in a different society these writers might have achieved the poetic. Their satire was a journeyman-effort, the product of an acute penetration coupled with a genuine tolerance. A psychologist with adequate materials might discover in both these writers a source of conflict with society and bring forth some hidden creative aim. Certainly even at its mildest, satire always seems in some measure the product of conflict. But the conflict may result from the widest variations in personal reaction. It is likely to ensnare the prosaic temperament as well as the poetic. It may produce the whole gamut from rage and frustration to rippling amusement. The satirist may be coolly distanced or deeply involved in his relation to society. French satire nearly always tends to be detached, perhaps because the French view of life is so knowledgeable; the French mind respects society while laughing at it, and is not afraid. The English mind most often seems to struggle in the dark with convention, overwhelmed by a chaotic fear of its value; it is seldom quite free, and so shows in its moments of rebellion a certain measure of involution.

But free or involved, satire seems hardly the champion of art, as Mr. Cannan, with a perfect consistency, makes it. Even Meredith was concerned to show up not a society which prevented art, but one which prevented the finer nuances of living. As for art, its production is a wayward affair. It seems not to be cultivated by exact preparations; it usually finds a far less sophisticated soil than that tilled by satire; it strikes root in deeper and more secret pockets. Satire may in some final way fertilize these. But who knows how? We lack as yet the kind of tracing of the effect of ideas which would justify a conclusion. Mr. Cannan cites the art of LaFontaine, Racine, Molière as following the satire of Boileau. At greater length Mr. Cannan might have been able to prove this particular connexion, but he would have difficulty with others. Aristophanes came at the end of a great cycle; his broad ironic laughter quickened no large creation. According to Mr. Cannan's theory Jane Austen, Peacock, Trollope, Meredith would have begotten the strange progeny of the Pre-Raphaelites and the soft poets of the 'nineties. It is easy to argue that satire marks the turn into decadence and is itself a final explosion of wrath or bitterness because the artistic impulse has dwindled. But this interpretation too breaks down because satire at any given time seems to be so seldom concerned directly with art. It is primarily concerned with civilization, discovering rents in the social fabric, exposing the flimsier substitutes.

As in the case of any other lively energy, however, its effects are probably many-sided, and some of the more subtle of these might be uncovered by close study, by an examination, for instance, of satire in any given period. Mrs. Russell's "Satire in the Victorian Novel" seems to promise such an examination, though limited to a single form; but thorough as it is, searching out every crevice into which the satiric has penetrated by means of the novel, and if anything too liberal in its inclusions, it fails to build up a dynamic picture. For one thing, the method of the book is alien to the method of satire. Satire is irregular, erratic and untrammelled. Mrs. Russell is intent upon categories; she classifies and divides and sub-divides, emphasizing the guises of satire in fable or fancy or realism, rather than its quality. Since satire is all mockery and rebellion, the primary delicious facts to be considered are the objects of its attention; but these Mrs. Russell barely handles. She has chapters on "persons," "institutions," "types," but the effect is cold and generalized. What one wants is the flux of life, with the satiric reaction thrust against this. A study of satire is nothing if it is not a social study. It must also, in a measure, be a study of personalities. Satire like lyricism consists of the individual reaction; something of

temperament and circumstance is required, at least in brief characterization, if effects are to be fully portrayed. But in Mrs. Russell's book no personalities emerge.

A full picture of Victorian rebelliousness in satire might have its hopeful suggestion over here, for we in America seem in many ways to be in a Victorian stage of development, throttled by a new and rapid commercialism, feverishly assertive, triumphantly conscious of wealth and well-being. In literature, too, we have gone through a stage not dissimilar to that which preceded the Victorians, trying to define general aspects of a rapidly changing life through the means of fiction, chiefly through the short story. Perhaps we are even approaching that awareness of a civilization out of which satire seems to spring. Indeed satire may already be among us. Mrs. Wharton can be taken as a forerunner, a saddened, more worldly Jane Austen with a wider scope and a more probing touch, handling as Jane Austen did a marked and developed society. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters is perhaps a Byron of a single masterpiece. Miss Zona Gale in "Miss Lulu Bett" has an astringent bitterness which is almost new in American fiction. Criticism, too, is becoming increasingly satirical, as if it were forced by the poverty of the efforts which pass through its mill to recreate these with a sharp, ironic brevity, all but rewriting them.

Satire seems about to flourish; but then, in a flash it may disappear. It has never remained with the English perennially as with the French; with us it is always on the point of vanishing. It is self-conscious; it gains impetus from appreciation, and there is a question whether we can sufficiently value its scarifying humour. With all its breadth, satire is a subtle literary art, and we are not yet given to subtleties. But how, with its unerring instinct for deflation, and the opportunity which America thus gives to it, can satire pass us by?

CONSTANCE MAYFIELD ROURKE.

SHORTER NOTICES.

WEAVING the fantastic story of the long succession of the Tsars is a task which lends itself admirably to the sharp, shifting, masticated sentences into which the once distinguished style of Mr. Edgar Saltus has disintegrated. His new volume, "The Imperial Orgy" traces the bloody and inhuman path of Russia's rulers from the days of Ivan the Terrible down to the final flicker of the line. It is a loose, rhapsodical piece of writing, which the student of history will find is too elliptical to be of any value, while the lay reader will find its blurred and violent utterance, its preoccupation with torture and blood-letting, a somewhat baffling performance. Mr. Saltus's prose is occasionally rich and striking, but the flagrant omissions which he has been too impatient even to imply are so numerous as to throw the whole book out of focus. L. B.

"RACHEL weeping for her children because they are not." This is the old theme of Miss Grimké's play, "Rachel," but this time it has a new setting. Miss Grimké's heroine is a young coloured girl who loves children more than anything else in life, and the tragedy consists in her realization of the folly and wickedness of bringing Negro children into a world where race hatred dooms them to a life of misery. Embittered by the sufferings of her young protégé, Jimmy, she sends away her lover, renounces motherhood, and stands before us, a piteous figure stumbling in the dark, a child's cry tearing at her heart. The play was given at the Neighbourhood Playhouse in 1917, and created at the time considerable comment.

M. W. O.

AFTER thirty-two pages of introduction and acknowledgment, "An Anthology of Recent Poetry" has space for but one hundred and thirteen pages of poetry. The introduction is quite dispensable, since it contains less truth than poetry and terminates in the disheartening assertion that "this anthology, as a whole, is romantic; its language is simple; its philosophy that of everyday life, and is entirely undisturbing." One can imagine nothing more barren than a collection of poems "entirely undisturbing," and it is a matter for congratulation that the

¹ "The Imperial Orgy." Edgar Saltus. New York: Boni and Liveright.

² "Rachel." Angelina W. Grimké. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

³ "An Anthology of Recent Poetry." Compiled by L. D'O. Walters. Dodd, Mead and Company.

⁴ "Satire in the Victorian Novel." Frances Theresa Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

contents, in this instance, do not always live up to the label. The subdued rhythm of Masfield's "Sea Fever," the fresh simplicity of Stephens's "When the Leaves Fall," the haunting spell of Flecker's "November Eves," even the casual grace of Rose Fyleman's "Alms in Autumn"—all these and some of the others possess a disturbing quality which has, by common consent, been given the name of beauty. Here are to be found poems by Rupert Brooke, Walter de la Mare, Chesterton, Drinkwater, Alice Meynell, Thomas Hardy. With such a galaxy to choose from, one may be forgiven for not lingering over Margaret Mackenzie's "To the Coming Spring," which begins "O punctual Spring!"—somehow suggesting the explosion of a toy balloon. And one may skip Harold Monro's attempts to squeeze poetry out of the reiteration of "Give them me. Give them me." Which, after all, is but another way of saying what is true of all anthologies; its value is determined by each reader's exercise of the freedom of choice.

L. B.

INTO the making of quilts, as one's grandmother practised it, went an inconceivable amount of piecing and matching, basting and fine stitching. First she made certain that she had an ample supply of silk remnants—of scraps, to use the domestic term—and with these she went to work upon the hit-or-miss pattern, not minding if the gayest of satins rubbed seams with the most sombre of silks, so long as their odd shapes could be made to fit into the coverlet. One suspects that Mr. Low sets to work in much the same way to quilt his poetry. In "Broken Music," he appears to have the requisite material—fragments of imagery, flashes of inspiration, and odd bits of fancy—but when he came to putting them together in his volume "Broken Music" he seems to have ignored design and to have spent all his energy in matching. There is gaiety and colour in his quilt, if not much warmth, but there is no discoverable meaning in the hit-or-miss of the pattern. In order to use up all his poetic remnants, Mr. Low has been led into obscurities—into a blurred vision which turns his best efforts into patchwork.

L. B.

"SCENES FROM THE COURT OF PETER THE GREAT,"¹² based on the Latin diary of John G. Korb, secretary of the Austrian legation at Peter's court, is a first-hand account of the character and habits of a sovereign to whose personal vagaries and extravagances the pen of a Petronius Arbiter alone could do justice. Dr. Glaser, in his admirable introduction, says of him that "he superintended his household like a small shopkeeper, thrashed his wife like a peasant, and sought his pleasures like a brawler." But quite apart from its face value the volume has for the discerning, a peculiar significance due to the fact that Peter was in so strange a way symbolic of the Russian character both at its worst and at its best. In Dostoevsky's underworld a man suddenly says: "Yes, I am sick of the fact that two and two make four. Let it make five." It is exactly this mental attitude that is to be found over and over again in the character of Peter the Great. "Let me build me a city," and he raises St. Petersburg upon mud-flats where no city should ever have been built. We see him beheading his enemies with his own hand, murdering his son, beating his wife, shaving his statesmen, building his ships, constructing his cities, and then at the last, after having given his life to save others, dying with the words "Forgive everything" on his lips.

L. P.

ALTHOUGH the study of Spanish-American letters is still in its infancy in this country, it boasted a text-book on Cuban poets as long ago as 1911. This was the work of Mr. E. C. Hills, at present professor of Romance Languages in Indiana University, and known for his Spanish grammar, written in collaboration with Professor Ford of Harvard, as well as for his lectures. Professor Hills's latest book,³ an edition of Spanish-American odes written by Bello, Olmedo and Herédia, reveals his continued interest in a field that knew him as a pioneer. His introduction to the present volume is full without being cluttered, and his bibliography is valuable. He preserves a personal independence in his evaluations and is brave enough to write that he considers the odes of Bello, Olmedo and Herédia as the best productions "in the entire rich field of Spanish poetry." It is interesting to note that each of these poets came into direct contact with the English-speaking peoples. Bello lived nineteen years

in London, whither Olmedo came to join him in 1816 as Colombia's representative to the Court of St. James. Herédia, fleeing persecution in Spain, came to the United States in 1823, and remained for two wretched years; during this time he wrote his famous poem to Niagara, which has yet to be surpassed by any of our own poets. Its only rival, indeed, is the work of the Colombian Rafael Pombo, written three decades later. Two of these poets, Bello and Olmedo—and particularly the latter, in his famous poem to the Victory of Junín—reveal some of the beginnings of that "literary Americanism" which is one of the newest phases of the contemporary poetic exuberance in Spanish America, and the aim of which, whether under this name or under the guise of "Mondonovism" (i. e., new-worldism), is to create a genuinely autochthonous product.

I. G.

It is delightful to get "The Beggar's Opera" in a textual appearance that gives something of the old-time atmosphere. Gay's medley of dialogue and song is a classic, but a classic that has real freshness; it has brightness, piquancy and the charm of the lost picaresque; it is a comedy that will be always delightful for its free and spontaneous invention. The language that Gay gives to his thieves, trulls, gaolers, fences and informers is the best invention of all. It is purely a literary language, but yet a language that expresses the infatuation of Captain Macheath and the palpitations of Polly Peachum. It is a language that is artificial enough to pass easily into song, and yet with such substance in it as to make Gilbert's idiom seem impoverished. For all its bookishness, Gay's talk of the town is close to the richness and raciness of Syngé's talk of the countryside. Oscar Wilde, too, comes into our mind as we read "The Beggar's Opera." Recall the scene in "The Importance of Being Ernest" where the Mayfair girl visits the girl in the country, and then read what the informer's and the gaoler's daughters have to say to each other when they discuss their own and Captain Macheath's affairs. The gravity of the tone in Gay's and Wilde's comedies make for irresistible humour. But "The Beggar's Opera" lives as something beyond a piece of artificial comedy. Behind its deliberate diction and its comedy situations is something of the untamed life of the highway and the purlieu; and Macheath, Peachum, Mrs. Peachum, Polly and the various trulls have something of the unhampered life that appeals to the heroic imagination. Gay glories in them all—he glories in them to such an extent that we know not whether he is satirizing or celebrating the life of roguery. For all its rich invention, for all its satire and deliberate diction it reads like a jaunty improvisation. Truly a rich prize to come upon in these days!

P. C.

EX LIBRIS.

THE supreme service of William James to philosophy is the restoration of philosophy to the uses of life. At least that is the tendency of his philosophy. Even though much wisdom still remains shut up in a tower, indifferent to life, and though life may often be ungrateful to and suspicious of such wisdom as is offered to it, nevertheless James's attempt to bring about a *rapprochement* was his finest contribution and is expressed in some of his most glowing pages. He came at the right time and illustrated in himself one of his hearty beliefs that Humanity will produce all the types of thinker that she needs. At the moment when he entered the realm of philosophy, the physical sciences had arrogantly assumed, if not all wisdom, the possession of the correct method of searching for wisdom. On the other hand, the transcendental philosophers held themselves aloof from the physical sciences and ignored psychology. This division of interest in a world which James himself tried to keep manageably split up and pluralistic, was his first philosophic perplexity and, in his treatment of the problem, he committed himself to inconsistencies and self-contradictions, which were partly inherent in the situation and partly due to his temperament.

THROUGH all his writings, from one of his earliest papers (that on Renan's "Dialogues," now republished in "Collected Essays and Reviews") to the last chapters of "The Meaning of Truth," James saw philosophers as so many individuals, each fighting under his own banner of truth, and he was puzzled because they would not be reconciled

¹ "Broken Music." Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

² "Scenes from the Court of Peter the Great." Edited by Dr. F. L. Glaser. New York: Nicholas L. Brown.

³ "Odes of Bello, Olmedo and Herédia." E. C. Hills. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

⁴ "The Beggar's Opera." John Gay. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

and fight together against the powers of darkness which must be conquered if philosophy is ever to be worth anything, and if there is ever to be any reason why there should be philosophers to sit in comfortably endowed chairs. No critic took more keenly humorous delight than James did in the disputes of the schools, or stirred up with more lively argument the factions whose lack of solidarity he deplored. Take two examples. While James was young and still under the influence of his laboratory studies he made out a good case for psychology as a natural science, admitting that in its present stage of development it is rather a loose subject, but demanding for its best interests an application of the scientific method. Then he saw that he had gone counter to his own belief in the unity of knowledge, or the unity of study. It occurred to him that something valuable might be lost to psychology if metaphysical and epistemological inquiries were debarred. So in an address to the American Psychological Association, he openly renounced his first position, adding, however, as a half-smiling reservation, that metaphysics should give up some of its nonsense as a condition of admission.

IN one of his last papers, that on "Bradley or Bergson," James takes a shrewd pleasure in tracing their resemblances as far as they go, and then laments that they diverge, because if they had kept together they could between them have buried post-Kantian rationalism. For a complexity of partisanship in unity that can not be surpassed! But James's willingness to be pall-bearer at the funeral of a philosophic idea was not inconsonant with his determination that some other ideas of doubtful character should be allowed to grow up and thrive. For the old idea had had its say. The new ideas might be strangled in infancy. Let each new idea have its time and opportunity. Let everything be tried. It is better to be credulous than bigoted, but to be excessively one or the other is not befitting a philosopher.

ASIDE from certain technical problems, James's philosophic attitude was always determined by his answer to the question: On which side lies the greater force and fullness of life, the possibility of richness, novelty, adventure? In 1895, at the height of his power as a man—though perhaps he grew wiser as he grew older—he ends a paper on "Degeneration and Genius" thus: "The real lesson of the genius-books is that we should welcome sensibilities, impulses, and obsessions if we have them, as long as by their means the field of our experience grows deeper and we contribute the better to the race's stores; that we should broaden our notion of health instead of narrowing it; that we should regard no single element of weakness as fatal—in short, that we should *not be afraid of life*." The italics are James's. If that is not good psychological argument, then there is something the matter with the science of psychology. It is only just such good sense as this that a common man can understand, and the humanity and eloquence of it are better than argument.

CAN a common man understand philosophy? James believed that he can both understand it and express it. Two or three times he quotes the saying of his friend the carpenter: "There is very little difference between one man and another, but what little difference there is is very important." He has a hot contempt for Renan's cool contempt for *l'homme vulgaire*, and he admires Clifford's "lavishly generous confidence in the worthiness of average human nature to be told all the truth, the lack of which in Goethe made him an inspiration to the few but a cold riddle to the many"—and the possession of which by James made him a great teacher of youth.

HE was an instinctive democrat and was always on the side of what, in his social environment, was the unpopular minority. Like Whitman, of whom he often speaks with admiration, he was a born individual aristocrat, with no delusions about the intelligence of the herd but an

immense faith in its possibilities. His generosity towards the delusions of common men was warmer than towards the delusions of philosophers, because philosophers have opportunities for study—and should know better. He had only one fear, which sometimes took a belligerent form (there is something in his books on psychology about the relation between belligerency and fear); and that fear was lest he or some other philosopher should try to interfere with a possibly good idea, to put sand, not on the tracks, but in the machinery. The vaguely comforting fatalistic belief that good ideas will prevail and bad ones die, he regarded as untrue to the history of human thought, and not good for people whose business it is to express thought. James held that it did make a real difference in the world that a saint or a monster, St. Paul or Bonaparte, did not die in his cradle. It does make a difference—the one illustration that James would have laughed at—that James lived to be a philosopher. Ideas do sometimes seem just to happen, to grow without human guidance, but the precious ideas have to be fought for. Matthew Arnold's idea, that it is our duty to make the best ideas prevail, may seem priggish and dictatorial, yet fundamentally James had the same idea. Pluralism, he says, is not for sick souls but for those in whom the fighting-spirit is alive. Philosophy does not flourish by accident. Men make it.

THEREFORE, philosophy begins in the human mind, and is the history of the action of mind on experience. James was from the very beginning a student of the human mind. He began in epistemology and he ended there. One of his earliest essays is a rather too easy slipping of his knife into the "operose ineptitude" of Spencer's definition of mind, and his last word about a philosophic puzzle was: "We shall not understand these alterations of consciousness either in this generation or the next."

THE right self-contradiction consists not in turning in obedience to others, but in going against the wind from whichever direction it blows. James attacked the too-much in any philosophy, even his own. To the over-credulous he preached caution; to the over-sceptical, faith. This sort of antagonism between two ideas is not contradiction but balance of mind. Apropos Professor Schiller and others he demands an "all-round statement in classic style," and, himself the jolliest joker that ever was in philosophy, he recommends that Mr. Schiller "tone down a little the exuberance of his polemic wit." But to the too sober he says, "Our errors are not such awfully solemn things. A certain lightness of heart seems healthier than this excessive nervousness in their behalf."

As a philosopher, James had to use the terms peculiar to his craft, but he so strongly sustained those terms in a structure of words which can be found in a pocket-dictionary that the peculiar terms of the craft become intelligible to simple literate men, and it may be that thereby they become more intelligible as mere philosophic terms. Like Bergson he is a poet and a humorist in his analogies and illustrations. When "the feeling of 'q' knows whatever reality it resembles," many of us, including the philosophers, I suspect, are lost in the dark. But when we read that "the Kilkenny cats of fable could leave a residuum in the shape of their undevoured tails, but the Kilkenny cats of existence as it appears in the pages of Hegel are all-devouring, and leave no residuum"—then we begin to believe that philosophy may be a human and amusing study and that to be great in philosophy, it is not necessary to be always thinking of the other side of the moon.

JOHN MACY.

THE following recent books are recommended to readers of the *Freeman*:

"A Book of Jewish Thoughts," selected and arranged by Dr. J. H. Hertz. New York: Oxford University Press.

"Poetic Origins and the Ballad," by Louise Pound. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Winston Churchill. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?
Lloyd George. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.
Churchill. Methinks it is like a weasel.
George. It is backed like a weasel.
Churchill. Or like a whale?
George. Very like a whale.

By August, 1912, the military and naval secret plans of the Entente were completed.
In August, 1913, Mr. George said, "I am genuinely alarmed about the expenditure on armaments."

In October, 1913, Mr. Churchill proposed a naval holiday.

The British White Paper of 1914 reveals startlingly the respective strength of the European nations when the "holiday" scheme was broached.
Naval holidays are again being discussed; the Borah resolution and other projects for reducing expenditures that threaten to lead to a new madness are manipulated mysteriously. And all the while a torrent of wealth sufficient to abolish misery from earth is pouring into armaments whose increase portends a universal Scapa-Flow.

In order to be informed as to the methods that governments employ, in order to estimate to-morrow by yesterday, we commend to your attention

The Naval Holiday

an editorial to be printed in next week's issue of the FREEMAN. This will throw light on how war was made in the past; it should reveal to an enlightened public how another war may be brought about.

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